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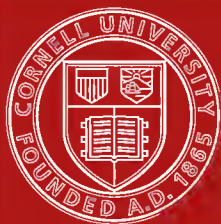
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[Shakespeare-quarto facsimiles]



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SHAKSPERE'S
H A M L E T:

THE FIRST QUARTO,

1603,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

WILLIAM GRIGGS,

FOR 13 YEARS PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHER TO THE INDIA OFFICE,

WITH FOREWORDS BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, M.A.,

FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY, ETC.

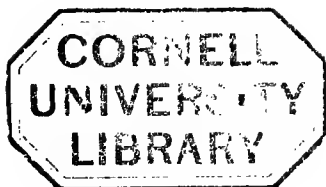
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DEDICATED

TO

The Duke of Devonshire.

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[Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 1.]

FOREWORDS TO QUARTO 1, 1603.

- | | |
|---|--|
| § 1. <i>The Hamlet allusions in and before 1602 are to an old play.</i>
§ 2. <i>The date of Shakspeare's first cast of Hamlet is 1601-2.</i>
§ 3. <i>Quarto 1, 1603, is a piracy, not revised by an Editor.</i> | § 4. <i>Q1 is a first cast, and not a muddled Q2, 1604.</i>
§ 5. <i>It represents, or misrepresents the work of Shakspeare only.</i>
§ 6. <i>Its relation to Der bestrafte Brüdermord.</i>
§ 7. <i>Miscellaneous.</i> |
|---|--|

§ 1. To any of the new school of Victorian Shakspeareans, to any one who has a grasp of Shakspeare's developement, who can trace the progress of his Mind and Art from the whimsy quip and quirk, the youthful passion, the florid rhetoric, of his First-Period farces, tragedy, and histories, from these to the pathos of Constance, the grace of Portia, the humour of Falstaff, the wit of Benedick and Beatrice, the romance of Viola, the steadfastness of Helena, the wealth and brilliancy of Shakspeare's delightful Second Period, and thence to the deeper Tragedies of his Third,—to any such man, no words of mine are needed to make him sure that *Hamlet* was no creation of the "rough enthusiasm of Shakspeare's youth at Stratford,"¹ was not the original of Gorlois's ghost, who in Febr. 28, 1587, craved revenge before Q. Elizabeth at Greenwich in the *Misfortunes of Arthur* (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, iv. 249—343). Nor will such a student want any argument of mine, to convince him that neither Nash's words in 1589 "whole Hamlets—I should say handfuls—of tragical speeches,"² nor Henslowe's entry on lf. 9 of his MS. "9 of June 1594, Rd. at hamlet viij,"³ nor Lodge's saying³ in 1596, 'the ghost who

¹ This notion is one of those freaks or larks that certain Shakspeare critics allow themselves to indulge in. Like ones are, that Bacon wrote Shakspeare, that *Pericles* is a First-Period play, *Henry VIII* an early Second-Period one, &c. These jokes amuse their authors, and don't hurt any one else.

² Epistle prefix to Robert Greene's *Menaphon*.

³ In *Wits Miserie or the Worlds Madnesse*.

cried so miserably at the theatre "Hamlet, revenge," refer to Shakspeare's play. He will believe that the reason why *Hamlet* was not in Meres's list of Shakspeare's 'Tragedies' in 1598, while *Titus Andronicus*¹ was, is this, that Shakspeare had not then written his "Prince of Denmarke." And he will more than doubt whether Steevens's report of Gabriel Harvey's entry in a copy of Speght's *Chaucer*, 1598: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece and his tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort, 1598," does not confuse the date of the edition (1598), or the purchase of a copy of it by Harvey, with the date of that writer's entry. Inasmuch too as no character in Shakspeare's play says "my name's Hamlet revenge," or "Hamlet, revenge" our student will take these words of Dekker in 1602 (*Satiromastix*; *Works*, 1873, i. 229) to refer to the same old non-Shakspeare *Hamlet* that Lodge in 1589^{9b} referred to.²

§ 2. And yet with this Dekker date of 1602, for Shakspeare's play, any student will be content, who has graspt the idea of the continuity of Shakspeare's work, the way in which every play is bound by links of likeness and contrast, of subject, characters, phrase and word, to its next foregoer and follower. For there are no two independent plays of Shakspeare's more strongly bound to one another than are *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar*,³ in both of which the burden of setting right the time is laid on the student with nature unfit to bear the strain, and who sinks beneath it, carrying down with him the guiltless woman whose fate is, by love, bound up with his. The date of *Julius Cæsar* is fixt by Weaver's allusion and the style of the writing,⁴ to 1601; it *must* be the earlier play of the pair; and without doubt the date of the first cast of Shakspeare's *Hamlet* is 1601 or

¹ Only a few passages in *Titus* can be Shakspeare's.

² There was a now-lost *Historie of Error* in 1577 before Shakspeare's *Comedy of Errors*, a *Troilus and Cressida* before his, a *Richard II*, a *Timon*, &c., also before his.

³ See my *Leopold Shakspeare Introduction*, p. lxix.

⁴ "From the verse, I should say positively that it is not so late as 1602."—C. Bathurst, *S.'s Versification*, p. 79. See also Hudson, *S.'s Life, Art, &c.*, ii. 221-2.

1602, as its pirated representative, here facsimiled, was entered in the Stationers' Register on July 26, 1602 (Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 212) :—

xxvjth Julij

James Robertes Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master Pasfield and master Waterson warden A booke called the Revenge of Hamlett Prince [of] Denmarke as yt was latelie Acted by the Lord Chamberleyne his servantes vj^d

§ 3. That this Quarto entered in 1602 and publisht in 1603 was a piracy, the state of its text proves to every reader. That it was due to the shorthand writers or note-takers of the time (of whom Heywood complains¹), with possibly some parts² bought or got from some of the players, is evident too. That it had an editor or botcher who not only strung together but *revised* the notes and parts handed over to him, and wrote any substantial part of this first Quarto, I cannot conceive, from the extraordinary breaks-off and mistakes that have been left in the text. And I conclude, that wherever the Quarto of 1603 differs materially in motive or scene—I do not say phrase or word—from the Quarto of 1604, that difference is due either to Shakspeare, or the author of the old play he rewrote, or the mistaking report of one of them by the note-taker or player.

§ 4. To make sure that the first Quarto represents Shakspeare's first cast of his play, let any student who knows the received text of *Hamlet*—made up of the Second Quarto and First Folio—read the first Quarto. He sees at once the great difference in the character of the Queen; that instead of leaving her prior knowledge of her first husband's murder doubtful, the first Quarto makes her swear that she never knew of the murder (p. 46, l. 92-3), makes her promise to take Hamlet's side against his Uncle (p. 47, l. 106-7), and makes her keep with Horatio, and be trusted by him with news of Hamlet (p. 53). The student also notes that Laertes's crime is lessened by the poisoning of the foil being suggested by the King (p. 54, l. 22). Now such changes as these are vital ones; they

¹ Address to the Reader, prefix to his *Rape of Lucrece*, vol. v. ed 1874.

² Those of Horatio, Marcellus, and Voltumar (p. 23: cp. its right 3000 to the wrong 60,000 of Q₂), are well done.

mark a less artistic, less perfect, conception of the characters shown in the later cast of the play. And when they are combined with the fact that the prose source of the play, the *Hystorie of Hamblet* also cleared the Queen from guilty knowledge of her first husband's murder, and made her take Hamlet's side; with the fact that the names of Corambis and Montano in Q₁ were changed to Polonius and Reynaldo in Q₂, as Ferando and Sander were changed to Petruchio and Grumio, &c., when Shakspeare and his colleague revised *The Taming of A Shrew* of 1594, into *The Taming of the Shrew* (1596-7?); with the facts that a whole scene (xiv. p. 53), and several passages (starred lines, p. 13, 35, 36-7, 39, 47, &c.: see below) were cut out of the 1603 Quarto in the 1604 one, while the latter contained three new scenes (20, to 18-1=17 of Q₁) and tens of new passages not in Q₁, with scores of superb developments of passages already there¹; these vital changes of character, name, scene, speech and phrase, will convince the student that he has in Q₁ the representation—however muddled—of the first cast of Shakspeare's play, and not of the completer second cast that Q₂—by itself, or helped by the Folio—contains.

§ 5. We have next to ask: Is there in Q₁ any evidence that the passages special to it only, are not by Shakspeare, or mistaking reports of what he wrote? In the present facsimile I have starred (*) all the lines that appear in Q₁ only: to them let the reader turn, and judge for himself.—Take first some short passages, correcting a slip here and there:—

- p. 7. For though the favour of your grace might stay mee,
 „ Yet something is there, whispers in my hart . . .
 „ Being the Joy and halfe heart of your mother . . .
 „ Him I have lost, I must of force forgoe . . .
 „ None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die.
 p. 8. or that the universall
 Globe of Heaven would turne al to Chaos
 p. 12. therefore keepe aloofe
 Lest that he trip thy honor and thy fame

¹ The Globe *Hamlet* has 3891 lines, most of them complete, to 2143 lines of Q₁, many of them incomplete.

First take the end of the Scene, on p. 54: surely this may well be Shakspeare's. Look at the beginning: why may not lines 3-4, 9-10,

"Wherein he writes how he escap't the danger
And subtle treason that the king had plotted"

"there's treason in his looks
That seem'd to sugar o're his villanie."

why may not the whole 36 lines of the scene be a weak report of an unimportant and weakish scene in Shakspeare's first cast? I think they may well be so. And on the whole I conclude, that no other hand than Shakspeare's is reported, or misreported, in the first Quarto of 1603, and that his handiwork so treated is his first cast of his play.

§ 6. Whether in his *Hamlet* he drew from the assum'd old *Hamlet* of 1589—besides the Ghost—as much as he did in his *King John* (of 1595?) from the old *Troublesome Raigne* of 1591, or as little—? nothing—as in his *Henry V.* from *The Famous Victories*, or in his *Lear* from *Leir and his Three Daughters*, there is no evidence to show, as none of the old *Hamlet*, but what is in the allusions to it, has survivd. My own belief is, that the artistic conception of *Hamlet* the hesitater, doubter, reflecter, duty-dodger, that Shakspeare has left us, is due to him only; and that the old play presented more of the less artistic, more resolute *Hamlet* of the *Hystorie*, who did indeed "sweep to his revenge" on the first chance he had, and seated himself on his father's throne; more a Laertes, than the *Hamlet* whom we admire, pity, love. But certain critics say that the later German play, *Der bestrafte Brüdermord*,¹ oder *Prinz Hamlet aus Dänemark*, shows us somewhat of the old *Hamlet*, and possibly some of the scenes not reported in Shakspeare's *Hamlet* of 1603. The whole matter of this German play is however much too risky to found anything certain on. All we know of it is, that in 1781, Reichard publisht its text² from a unique copy dated "Pretz, den 27. October

¹ 'The punisht Brothers-murder, or the revengd Fratricide',—'Fratricide Punished', or 'the Fratricide's Tragedy', it's generally calld.

² In his Periodical *Olla Podrida*, Berlin, 8vo, Part II, p. 18—68. Cohn. A late *Hamlet* editor says that the play was written by Jacob Ayser, who died in 1605, and was printed in his posthumous *Opus Theatricum*, 1618. But this is gammon.

when does not
may that. X

1710;" that Mr. Moritz Fürstenau of Dresden sent Mr. Albert Cohn, in or before 1865, copies of some entries in an Almanac of 1626, used as a diary,¹ of the actings of certain plays evidently, by English actors, before the Court at Dresden from June to Dec. 1626, and that among these entries are on 'Junius 2, eine *Tragoedia von Romeo vnd Julietta*'; on 'Junius 8, eine *Tragoedia von Julio Cesare*'; on 'Junius 24, eine *Tragoedia von Hamlet einen printzen in Dennemarck*'; on 'Sept. 26, eine *Tragoedia von Lear, König in Engelandt*'; on 'Sept. 29, eine *Tragoedia von Romeo vnd Julietta*.' (Other plays acted were *Nobody and Somebody*, 1596; of *Josepho, Jew of Venice* (? Shakspeare's *Merchant*²), twice, (Marlowe's) '*Dr. Faust*,' and *Barrabas, Jew of Malta*; a comedy and twice a '*Comoedia von König in Spanien vnd Vice Roy in Portugall*.'

A *Hamlet*—which Cohn, without any authority, calls 'this piece' of 1710 = 1603, as he fancies—was performed by the Veltheim company about 1665 (Cohn, p. cxx). Now the natural inference from the entries of the 1626 Dresden actings is, that all the Shakspeare-title plays then acted were those in his Folio of 1623, for his *Julius Cæsar* was first printed in that Folio; and even with good Quartos of *Romeo and Juliet* in 1599, *Hamlet* in 1604, and *Lear* in 1608, it is hardly likely that the English actors would, in 1626, have played the Corambis version of *Hamlet* 1603, or the incomplete one of *Romeo and Juliet* 1597. Why should they? Taking then the 1710 *Brüdermord*, and acknowledging its clumsiness, and its possible origin before that year, I ask whether any German linguist has either said or shown that it retains any phrases, words, or forms, as early as 1589 or 1603. (Any one can see that it has plenty of all impossible at either early date.) The answer is No; but that the play contains a passage,—

¹ The diary probably belonged to the sons of John George the First, and the entries were probably made by an officer of the court. Another officer's diary confirms the fact of the English Comedians then acting there: Cohn's *Shakspeare in Germany*, 1865, p. cxiv—cxvii. They acted in English, not German.

² In 1611, at Halle, had been acted 'a German comedy of the Jew of Venice, from the English'. (Cohn, p. lxxxix.)—? Shakspeare's *Merchant* (two Quartos of which were publisht in 1600), and not the old play alluded to by Gosson.

"*Hamlet.* Ay, ay, King, send me off to Portugal, that I may never come back again, that is the best plan.

King. No, not to Portugal, but to England, and those two shall accompany you on the journey." (Latham. *Two Dissertations*, p. 100.)

and that this allusion *may be* a contemporary one to Essex's disastrous expedition to Portugal in 1589, in which 11000 soldiers out of 21000, and 350 gentlemen out of 1100, died. Well, it may be, and it may not.¹ A good many of us have made non-contemporary allusions to 'Go to Jericho, Coventry, or Bath:' such phrases live long after the days in which they rose: and if this Portugal allusion is, as it really is, the only strong point in the *Brüdermord* case, we need not trouble ourselves with that case much further; especially when we note that the best part of the play, the *Prologue*, may have been adapted from the first witch scene in *Macbeth* at any time between 1623 (or from a MS. copy got after 1605-6) and 1710, and that the second cast of *Hamlet* in the Quarto of 1604 or the Folio of 1623 must have been before the *Brüdermord* man of 1710. For surely the opening of *Claudius's* speech in I. vii. was not in the old *Hamlet* of 1589. Compare—

Qo. 1603.

[nothing.]

[The absence of the speech is not due, I assume, to a cut, or to the note-taker's carelessness.]

Qto. of 1604.

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted
To bare our harts in greife, and our whole Kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selues:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene
Th' imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspitious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirdge in marriage,
In equall scale waighing delight and dole
Taken to wife:

Brüdermord,
1710.

Sc. vii. *King.*
Although our royal brother's death is still fresh in the memory of us all, and it befits us to suspend all state-shows, we must, nevertheless, change our mourning suits into crimson, purple, scarlet, since my late departed brother's relict has now become our dearest consort (Latham, p. 116).

¹ Note the Spain and *Portugal* comedy playd twice in 1626, above, p. ix.

So too the King's speech in IV. v. given below¹ from the *Brüdermord* has nothing to represent it in the Quarto of 1603, but is founded on the second Quarto of 1604, as is also (though with entire difference in detail) the German representative² of Hamlet's account of his capture in V. ii. But as in the German play Polonius is *Corambus*, as it makes the King suggest the poisoning of Laertes's foil, as its many likenesses and unlikenesses to the Corambis *Hamlet* of 1603 show that that servd as the main source of it, all that we can safely conclude is, that in, or not very long before, 1710, a German writer got hold of the messt Quarto of 1603, and made a further mess of it—as regards Shakspeare—in the *Brüdermord*.³ To believe

¹ “*King*. Leonhardus, don't hesitate to do it; whether it be to please your King, or to revenge your father. As your father's murderer, the Prince deserves such a death. We, however, cannot enforce the law against him, for he has his lady mother to back him, and my subjects love him much. Hence, if we openly avenged ourselves, there might easily be a rebellion. To shun him both as stepson and kinsman is only an act of righteous justice; for he is murderous and he is beside himself; and we must for the future, even on our account, be afraid of such a wicked man. Do then what we desire, and you will relieve your King of his fears, and yourself take, without being discovered, a revenge for your father's murder.” *Latham*, p. 137.

² “*Horatio*. It rejoices me to see your Highness back and in good health. Prythee, however, tell me why you have returned so soon.

Hamlet. Ah, Horatio, you have nearly missed never seeing me again alive; for my life has been at stake; only the Almighty power has specially protected me.

Horatio. What says Your Highness? How was it?

Hamlet. Thou knowest that the King had given me a couple of fellow-travellers as attendants and companions. Now it so happened that, for two days, we had contrary winds. So we had to anchor on an island near Dover. I went with my two companions from the ship to get a little fresh air. Then came the cursed rascals, and would have had my life, and said that the King had bribed them to it. I begged hard for my life, and promised them a handsome reward, and that, if they reported me to the King as dead, I would never go near the court again. But there was no compassion in them. At last the Gods put something into my head; and I begged them that, before my death, I might make a prayer, and that when I cried ‘Fire’, they would fire. But, even as I gave the word, I fell on the ground, and they shot one another. It is thus that I have this time escaped with my life. My arrival, however, will be no good news to the King.

Horatio. Oh! unheard-of treachery!” —*Latham*, p. 139.

³ But can it be believ'd, ask some, that if a German writer had a Quarto of 1604, or a Folio of 1623, before him, he could have fail'd to adopt the finer, more poetic Hamlet of 1604 instead of the more prosaic one of 1603? The answer is: see the mess that the worthy Teuton, poor man, has actually made of the first Quarto; the comic scenes he's put into it, &c. He doubtless knew his audience and himself, and knew that the full Hamlet of 1604 would suit neither. The Germany of 1710 was not the nation that Stein call'd into being, or the people that worshipt Goethe.

that the old *Hamlet* of 1589 was the original both of the Qto of 1603 and the German play, is to me impossible, for it involves the supposition that the old play was both longer, and in some points better, than both its copies, and that Shakspeare went back to it to improve his Quarto of 1603 by it: which is absurd.

§ 7. The relation of the First Quarto *Hamlet* of 1603 to the Second of 1604 will be dealt with in the Forewords to the facsimile of the latter play. In the present facsimile, 'rules' have been drawn round the text, in order to mark on the inside of each page the scene- and line-numbers given to the 18 Scenes into which the 2143 lines and part-lines of the original have been divided, as in the Cambridge Editors' print of it. On the outside of each page are given the corresponding Act, Scene, and line-numbers of the Globe edition, the line-numbers by fours when the intervening ones coincide, but otherwise singly. When the Quarto lines only differ partly from the Globe ones, they are daggerd (†); when they are in the Quarto only, they are starred (*). My object has been to make this facsimile a *working* one for the Shakspeare student¹, and to show at a glance how much of the receivd text is in (and out of) the 1603 Qto, and how its lines and scenes are occasionally transposed.

The Series of Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles of which this is the first, has been possible only through the generosity of the Duke of Devonshire in trusting his treasurd originals to be photographt. To him therefore this first Quarto of the Series, the facsimile of the gem of his superb collection², is gratefully dedicated.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

¹ The reader must not, as I did at first, put down all the broken letters, &c., in the text to the fault of the photo-lithograph process. On pointing out some twenty instances to Mr. Griggs, and laying the blame on his shoulders, he quietly produced the Duke's original, and showed me that the faults were due to that: only in three cases, I think, had the process made a broken-type cross of an *f* or *t* in the print, a little less clear. Mr. Griggs guarantees the substantial accuracy of his work, and my testing confirms it.

² The last leaf is wanting in the Duke's copy: our facsimile of it is from the British Museum copy—found in 1856 by Rooney, a Dublin bookseller—which has no title-leaf.

T H E
Tragicall Historie of
HAMLET
Prince of Denmarke

By William Shake-speare.

As it hath beene diuerſe times acted by his Highneſſe ſer-
uants in the Cittie of London : as alſo in the two V-
niuerſities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elſe-where



At London printed for N.L. and Iohn Trundell.
1603.



The Tragicall Historie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

Qo.
Sc i.

Globe.
Act 1.
Scene I.

Enter two Centinels.

1. **S**Tand : who is that?

2. **T**is I.

1. O you come most carefully vpon your watch,

2. And if you meete *Marcellus* and *Horatio*,
The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.

1. I will : See who goes there.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And leegemen to the Dane,
O farewell honest souldier, who hath releued you?

1. *Barnardo* hath my place, giue you good night.

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*.

2. Say, is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A peece of him.

2. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.

2. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* sayes tis but our fantasie,
And wil not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene by vs,

B

There-

2

†

6

12

14

15

18

19

20

24

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Therefore I haue intreated him a long with vs
To watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tut, I will not appeare.

2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe
Assaile your cares that are so fortified,
What we haue two nights scene.

Hor. Wel, sit we downe, and let vs heare *Bernardo* speake
of this.

2. Last night of al, when yonder starre that's west-
ward from the pole, had made his coarse to
illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes,
The bell then towling one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe.

2. In the same figure like the King that's dead,

Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.

2. Lookes it not like the king?

Hor. Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.

2. It would be spoketo.

Mar. Question it *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that thus vsurps the state, in
Which the Maiestie of buried *Denmarke* did sometimes
Walke? By heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended. *exit Ghost.*

2. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay, speake, speake, by heauen I charge thee
speake.

Mar. Tis gone and makes no answer.

2. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more than fantasie?
What thinke you on't?

Hor. Afore my God, I might not his belecue, without
the sensible and true auouch of my owne eyes.

Mar.

Prince of Denmarke.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,

Such was the very armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated.
So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
Hefmot the sleaded pollax on the yce,
Tis strange.

Mar. Thustwice before, and iump at this dead hower,
With Marshall stalke he passed through our watch.

Hor. In what particular to worke, I know not,
But in the thought and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to the state.

Mar. Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes
Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the land,
And why such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose sore task
Does not diuide the Sunday from the weeke:
What might be toward that this sweaty march
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. Mary that can I, at least the whisper goes so,
Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-
Brasse of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulous cause, dared to
The combate, in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
For so this side of our knowne world esteemed him,
Did slay this Fortenbrasse,
Who by a feale compact well ratified, by law
And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all those
His lands which he stooode seized of by the conqueror,
Against the which a moiety competent,
Was gaged by our King:
Now fir, yong Fortenbrasse,
Of inapproued mettle hot and full,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hath in the skirts of *Normay* here and there,
Sharkt vp a fight of lawlesse Resolutes
For food and diet to some enterprife,
That hath a stomacke in't : and this (I take it) is the
Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.

Enter the Ghost.

But loe, behold, see where it comes againe,
Ile crosse it, though it blast me : stay illusion,
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may doe ease to thee, and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.

If thou art priuy to thy countries fate,
Which happily foreknowing may preuent, O speake to me,
Or if thou hast extorted in thy life,
Or hoorded treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say you Spirites oft walke in death, speake
to me, stay and speake, speake, stoppe it *Marcellus*.

2. Tis heere. *exit Ghost.*

Hor. Tis heere.

Marc. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiestical,
to offer it the shew of violence,
For it is as the ayre inueltmorable,
And our vaine blowes malitious mockery.

2. It was about to speake when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons : I haue heard
The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning,
Doth with his earely and shrill crowing throate,
Awake the god of day, and at his sound,
Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,
The strauagant and erring spirite hies
To his confines, and of the trueth heereof
This present obiect made probation.

Marc. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some say, that euer gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Sauours birth is celebrated,

The

Prince of Denmarke.

The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
 And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroad,
 The nights are wholesome, then no planet frikes,
 No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,
 So gracious, and so hallowed is that time.

Hor. So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleue it:

But see the Sunne, in ruffet mantle clad,
 Walkes ore the deaw of yon hie mountaine top,
 Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduise,
 Let vs impart what wee haue scene to night

Vnto yong *Hamlet*: for vpon my life
 This Spirite dumbe to vs will speake to him:
 Do you consent, wee shall acquaint him with it,
 As needefull in our loue, fitting our dutie?

Marc. Lets doe't I pray, and I this morning know,
 Where we shall finde him most conueniently.

*Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Leartes, Corambis,
 and the two Ambassadors, with Attendants.*

Act I.
Sc ii.

King. Lordes, we here haue writ to *Fortenbrasse*,
 Nephew to olde *Normay*, who impudent
 And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his
 Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch
 Yong good *Cornelia*, and you *Voltemar*
 For bearers of these greetings to olde
Normay, giuing to you no further personall power
 To businesse with the King,
 Then those related articles do shew:
 Farewell, and let your haste commend your dutie.

Gent. In this and all things will wee shew our dutie.

King. Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewell:
 And now *Leartes* what's the newes with you?
 You said you had a sute what i't *Leartes*?

Lea. My gracious Lord, your fauorable licence,
 Now that the funerall rites are all performed,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

I may haue leaue to go againe to *France*,
 For though the fauour of your grace might stay mee,
 Yet something is there whispers in my hart,
 Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for *France*.

King : Haue you your fathers leaue, *Leartes*?

Cor. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,
 And I beseech you grant your Highnesse leaue.

King With all our heart, *Leartes* fare thee well.

Lear. I in all loue and dutie take my leaue.

King. And now princely Sonne *Hamlet*, *Exit.*
 What meanes these sad and melancholy moodes?

For your intent going to *Wittenberg*,

Wee hold it most vnmeet and vnconuenient,
 Being the Ioy and halfe heart of your mother.

Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,
 All *Denmarkes* hope our coosin and dearest Sonne.

Ham. My lord, ti's not the fable sute I weare:
 No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,

Nor the distracted hauiour in the visage,
 Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,

Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,
 Him haue I lost I must of force forgoe,

These but the ornaments and sutes of woe.

King This shewes a louing care in you, Sonne *Hamlet*,
 But you must thinke your father lost a father,
 That father dead, lost his, and so shalbe vntill the
 Generall ending. Therefore cease laments,

It is a fault gainst heauen, fault gainst the dead,
 A fault gainst nature, and in reasons

Common course most certaine,
 None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die.

Que. Let not thy mother loose her praers *Hamlet*,
 Stay here with vs, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you madam.

King Spoke like a kinde and a most louing Sonne,
 And there's no health the King shall drinke to day,

But

Prince of Denmarke.

But the great Canon to the clowdes shall tell
The rowse the King shall drinke vnto Prince Hamlet.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too much grieu'd and sallied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuersall
Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!
O God within two moneths; no not two : married,
Mine vnclie : O let me not thinke of it,
My fathers brother : but no more like
My father, then I to *Hercules*.

Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
Vnrighteous teares had left their flushing
In her galled eyes : she married, O God, a beast
Deuoyd of reason would not haue made
Such speede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman,
Why she would hang on him, as if increafe
Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
O wicked wicked speede, to make such
Dexteritie to incestuous sheetes,
Ere yet the shooes were olde,
The which she followed my dead fathers corse
Like *Nyobe*, all teares : married, well it is not,
Nor it cannot come to good:
But breake my heart, for I must holde my tongue.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Health to your Lordship.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (*Horatio*) or I much
forgot my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

Ham. O my good friend, I change that name with you:
but what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Marc. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, good euen sirs:
But what is your affaire in *Elfenours*?

Weele teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.

Hor.

126

127 †

129 †

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132-138

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155-150

150-1

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149-158

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

169	<i>Hor.</i> A trowant disposition, my good Lord.	87
172	<i>Ham.</i> Nor shall you make mee truster	
173	Of your owne report against your selfe:	
	Sir, I know you are no trowant:	90
174	But what is your affaire in <i>Elfenoure</i> ?	
176	<i>Hor.</i> My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.	
	<i>Ham.</i> O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow student,	94
	I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding.	
	<i>Hor.</i> Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.	
180	<i>Ham.</i> Thrift, thrift, <i>Horatio</i> , the funerall bak't incates	
	Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,	98
	Would I had met my deereft foe in heauen	
	Ere euer I had seene that day <i>Horatio</i> ;	
184	O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father,	
	<i>Hor.</i> Where my Lord?	
185	<i>Ham.</i> Why, in my mindes eye <i>Horatio</i> .	102
	<i>Hor.</i> I saw him once, he was a gallant King.	
	<i>Ham.</i> He was a man, take him for all in all,	
188	I shall not looke vpon his like againe.	
	<i>Hor.</i> My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight,	106
190	<i>Ham.</i> Saw, who?	
	<i>Hor.</i> My Lord, the King your father.	
191	<i>Ham.</i> Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.	
	<i>Hor.</i> Ceasen your admiration for a while	110
	With an attentive care, till I may deliuer,	
194	Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen	
	This wonder to you.	
195	<i>Ham.</i> For Gods loue let me heare it.	114
	<i>Hor.</i> Two nights together had these Gentlemen,	
198	<i>Marcellus</i> and <i>Bernardo</i> , on their watch,	
	In the dead vast and middle of the night.	
	Beene thus incountered by a figure like your father,	118
200	Armed to poynt, exactly <i>Capapea</i>	
201	Apperres before them thrise, he walkes	
	Before their weake and feare oppressed eies.	
204	Within his tronchions length,	122

While

Prince of Denmarke.

While they distilled almost to gelly.
 With the act of feare stands dumbe,
 And speake not to him: this to mee
 In dreadfull secrecie impart they did.
 And I with them the third night kept the watch,
 Where as they had deliuered forme of the thing.
 Each part made true and good,
 The Apparition comes: I knew your father,
 These handes are not more like.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do liue, my honord lord, tis true,
 And wee did thinke it right done,
 In our dutie to let you know it.

Ham. Where was this?

Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord we did, but answere made it none,
 Yet once me thought it was about to speake,
 And lifted vp his head to motion,
 Like as he would speake, but euen then
 The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all haste,
 It shruncke in haste away, and vanished
 Our sight.

Ham. Indeed, indeed sirs, but this troubles me:
 Hold you the watch to night?

All We do my Lord.

Ham. Armed say ye?

All Armed my good Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My good Lord, from head to foote.

Ham. Why then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp.

Ham. How look't he, frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, verie pal

C

Ham.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

- 234 *Ham.* And fixt his eies vpon you. 159
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hor. It would a much amazed you. 162
237 *Ham.* Yea very like, very like, staid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate pace
238 Might tell a hundred.
Mar. O longer, longer. 166
240 *Ham.* His beard was grisseled, no.
Hor. It was as I haue seene it in his life,
242 A fable filuer.
242-3 *Ham.* I wil watch to night, perchance t'wil walke againe. 170
243 *Hor.* I warrant it will.
244 *Ham.* If it assume my noble fathers person,
It speake to it, if hell it selfe should gape,
And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,
If you haue hither consealed this sight, 174
248 Let it be tenible in your silence still,
And whatsoeuer else shall chance to night,
250 Giue it an vnderstanding, but no tongue,
I will requit your loues, so fare you well,
Vpon the platforme, twixt eleuen and twelue,
Itle visit you.
253 *All.* Our duties to your honor. *exeunt.* 182
Ham. O your loues, your loues, as mine to you,
Farewell, my fathers spirit in Armes,
256 Well, all's not well. I doubt some foule play,
Would the night were come,
Till then, sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise 186
258 Though all the world orewhelme them to mens eies. *Exit.* 188
Enter Leartes and Ofelia. Sc.ii
Leart. My necessities are inbarkt, I must aboard.
But ere I part, marke what I say to thee:
I see Prince *Hamlet* makes a shew of loue
Beware *Ofelia*, do not trust his vowes,
14 Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue, 4

Speakes

Prince of Denmarke.

6 Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my sister,
 The Charieft maide is prodigall enough,
 If ſhe vnmaske hir beautie to the Moone.
 8 Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious thoughts,
 Belieu't *Oſelia*, therefore keepe a looſe
 Left that he trip thy honor and thy fame.

Oſel. Brother, to this I haue lent attentiu care,
 12 And doubt not but to keepe my honour firme,
 But my deere brother, do not you
 Like to a cunning Sophiſter,
 16 Teach me the path and ready way to heauen,
 While you forgetting what is ſaid to me,
 Your ſelfe, like to a careleſſe libertine
 Doth giue his heart, his appetite at ful,
 20 And little recks how that his honour dies.

Lear. No, feare it not my deere *Oſelia*,
 Here comes my father, occaſion ſmilcs vpon a ſecond leaue.

Enter Cerambis.

Cor. Yet here *Leartes*? aboard, aboard, for ſhame,
 24 The winde ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
 And you are ſtaid for, there my bleſſing with thee
 And theſe few precepts in thy memory.

“ Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar;
 28 “ Thoſe friends thou haſt, and their adoptions tried,
 “ Graple them to thee with a hoope of ſteele,

“ But do not dull the palme with entertaine,

“ Of euery new vnſleg'd courage,

32 “ Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in,

“ Beare it that the oppoſed may beware of thee,

“ Coſtly thy apparrell, as thy purſe can buy.

“ But not expreſt in faſhion,

36 “ For the apparell oft proclaimes the man.

And they of *France* of the chiefe rancke and ſtation
 Are of a moſt ſelect and generall chiefe in that:

“ This aboue all, to thy owne ſelfe be true,

40 And it muſt follow as the night the day,

C 2

Thou

*
 36
 37
 38
 34 +
 *
 46
 * +
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 +
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 +
 +
 51
 52-54
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 67
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 78
 79

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Thou canst not then be false to any one,
Farewel, my blessing with thee.

Lear. I humbly take my leaue, farewell *Ofelia*,
And remember well what I haue said to you. *exit.*

Ofel. It is already lock't within my hart,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Cor. What i'th *Ofelia* he hath saide to you?

Ofel. Something touching the prince *Hamlet*.

Cor. Mary wel thought on, 'tis giuen me to vnderstand,
That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden presence
Vnto Prince *Hamlet*, if it be so,

As so tis giuen to mee, and that in waie of caution.
I must tell you; you do not vnderstand your selfe
So well as befits my honor, and your credite.

Ofel. My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue
to me.

Cor. Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them.

Ofel. And withall, such earnest vows.

Cor. Springes to catch woodcocks,
What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,
How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes,
In brieft, be more scarter of your maiden presence,
Or tending thus you'l tender mee a foole.

Ofel. I shall obey my lord in all I may.

Cor. *Ofelia*, receiue none of his letters,
" For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart;
" Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes
To vnlocke Chastitie vnto Desire:
Come in *Ofelia*; such men often proue,
" Great in their wordes, but little in their loue.

Ofel. I will my lord. *exunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shrewd; it is an eager and
An nipping winde, what houre i'th?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelue, *Sound Trumpets.*

Mar. No, 'tis stricke.

Horn.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord? 5-7

Ham. O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowle,
8 Keepe wassel, and the swaggering vp-spring reeles,
And as he dreames, his draughts of renish downe,
The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out,
The triumphes of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custome here? 12

Ham. I mary i' ft and though I am
12 Natiue here, and to the maner borne,
It is a custome, more honourd in the breach,
Then in the obseruance. 16

Enter the Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes. 38

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs,
Be thou a spirite of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heanen, or blasts from hell:
20 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee,
24 Ile call thee *Hamlet*, King, Father, Royall Dane,
O answere mee, let mee not burst in ignorance,
But say why thy canonizd bones hearded in death
Hauē burst their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher,
In which wee saw thee quietly interr'd,
28 Hath burst his ponderous and marble lawes,
To cast thee vp againe: what may this meane,
That thou, dead corse, againe in compleate Steele,
Reuisslets thus the glimses of the Moone,
32 Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature,
So horridely to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules?
Say, speake, wherefore, what may this meane?

Hor. It beckons you, as though it had something
36 To impart to you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waues you to a more remoued ground, 60

The Tragedie of Hamlet

But do not go with it.

62 *Hor.* No, by no meanes my Lord.

63 *Ham.* It will not speake, then will I follow it.

69 *Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord.

That beckles ore his bace, into the sea,

And there assume some other horrible shape,

Which might deprive your soueraigntie of reason,

And drive you into madnesse : thinke of it.

74 *Ham.* Still am I called, go on, ile follow thee.

79+ *Hor.* My Lord, you shall not go.

80 *Ham.* Why what should be the feare?

I do not set my life at a pinnes fee,

And for my soule, what can it do to that?

Being a thing immortall, like it selfe,

Go on, ile follow thee.

68+ *Mar.* My Lord be rulde, you shall not goe.

81 *Ham.* My fate cries out, and makes each pety Artieue

As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,

Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen;

By heaven ile make a ghost of him that lets me,

Away I say, go on, ile follow thee.

86 *Hor.* He waxeth desperate with imagination.

87 *Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of *Denmarke*.

90 *Hor.* Haue after; to what issue will this sort?

* *Mar.* Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him. *exit.*

91+ *Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

I. v. *Ham.* Ile go no farther, whither wilt thou leade me?

1 *Ghost* Marke me.

2 *Ham.* I will.

9 *Ghost* I am thy fathers spirit, doomed for a time

To walke the night, and all the day

Confinde in flaming fire,

Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature

Are purged and burnt away.

13 *Ham.* Alas poore Ghost.

4 *Ghost* Nay pittie me not, but to my vnfoldng

5-6 Lend

40

44

48

52

56

60

64

68

72

Prince of Denmarke

76 Lend thy listning care, but that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison house
 I would a tale vnfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy yong blood,
 80 Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular haire to stand on end
 Like quills vpon the fretfull Porpentine;
 But this same blazon must not be, to eares of flesh and blood
 84 Hamlet, if euer thou didst thy deere father loue.

Ham. O God.

Gho. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murder :

Ham. Murder.

88 *Ghoſt* Yea, murder in the highest degree,
 As in the least tis bad,
 But mine most foule, beastly, and vnnaturall.

Ham. Hast me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as meditation, or the thought of it, may sweepe to my reuenge.

92 *Ghoſt* O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be
 Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in case
 On *Lethe* wharffe : brieſe let me be.

96 Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my orchard,
 A Serpent stung me; so the whole care of *Denmarke*
 Is with a forged Proffes of my death rankely abused:
 But know thou noble Youth : he that did sting
 100 Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my prophetike soule, my vncke! my vncke!

104 *Ghoſt* Yea he, that incestuous wretch, wonne to his will
 O wicked will, and gifts! that haue the power (with gifts,
 So to seduce my most seeming vertuous Queene,
 But vertne, as it neuer will be moued,
 Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen,
 So Lust, though to a radiant angle linckt,
 Would fate it selfe from a celestiall bedde,
 And prey on garbage : but soft, me thinkes
 108 I sent the mornings ayre, brieſe let me be,

Sleeping

5-13

14

16

20

21-2

23

25

†

†

28

30-1

33 †

35

38-9

41

44

45-6

53

56

58-9

The Tragedie of Hamlet

60-1

Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes

In the after noone, vpon my secure houre

112

Thy vncke came, with iuyce of Hebena

In a viall, and through the porches of my cares

64

Did powre the leaproous distilment, whose effect

116

Hold such an enmitie with blood of man,

67

That swift as quickesilner, it posteth through

The naturall gates and allies of the body,

And turnes the thinne and wholesome blood

69

Like eager dropings into milke.

120

73-71

And all my smoothe body, barked, and tetterd ouer.

74

Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand

75

Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie

76

At once depriued, no reckoning made of,

124

78

But sent vnto my graue,

79

With all my accompts and sinnes vpon my head,

80

O horrible, most horrible!

Ham. O God!

128

84

ghost If thou hast nature in thee, beare it not,

But howsoeuer, let not thy heart

Conspire against thy mother aught,

86

Leaue her to heauen,

132

87 †

And to the burthen that her conscience beares.

89

I must be gone, the Glo-worme shewes the Martin

To be neere, and gin's to pale his vneffectuall fire:

91

Hamlet adue, adue, adue: remember me.

Exit

136

93-95

Ham. O all you hoste of heauen! O earth, what else?

96-98

And shall I couple hell; remember thee?

98-100

Yes thou poore Ghost; from the tables

99

Of my memorie, ile wipe away all sawes of Bookes,

140

101

All triuiall fond conceites

102 †

That euer youth, or else obseruance noted,

And thy remembrance, all alone shall sit.

105-6 †

Yes, yes, by heauen, a damnd pernicious villaine,

144

Murderons, bawdy, smiling damned villaine,

(My tables) meet it is I set it downe,

107

That

Prince of Denmark

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villayne;
Atleast I am sure, it may be so in *Denmarke*,
So vncke, there you are, there you are.
Now to the words; it is adue adue: remember me,
Soe it's enough I haue sworne.

Hor. My lord, my lord.

*Enter. Horatio,
and Marcellus.*

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho.

Ham. Ill, lo, lo, so, ho, so, come boy, come.

Hor. Heauens secure him.

Mar. How i'tt my noble lord?

Hor. What news my lord?

Ham. O wonderful, wonderful.

Hor. Good my lord tel it.

Ham. No not I, you'l reuale it.

Hor. Not I my Lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then? would hart of man
Once thinke it? but you'l be secret.

Both. I by heauen, my lord.

Ham. There's neuer a villaine dwelling in all *Denmarke*,
But hee's an arrant knaue

Hor. There need no Ghost come from the graue to tell
you this.

Ham. Right, you are in the right, and therefore
I holde it meet without more circumstance at all,
Wee shake hands and part; you as your busines
And desiers shall leade you: for looke you,
Euery man hath busines, and desires, such
As it is, and for my owne poore parte, ile go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and wherling words, my Lord.

Ham. I am sory they offend you; hartely, yes faith hartily.

Hor. Ther's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrike* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence too, touching this vision,
It is an honest ghost, that let mee tell you,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

For your desires to know what is betweene vs,
Or euafter it as you may:
And now kind friends, as you are friends,
Schollers and gentlemen.

Grant mee one poore request.

Both. What i'st my Lord?

Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seene to night

Both. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay but sweare.

Hor. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham. Nay vpon my sword, indeed vpon my sword.

Gho. Sweare.

The Ghost under the stage.

Ham. Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the sellerige,
Here consent to sweare.

Hor. Propose the oth my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake what you haue seene to night,
Sweare by my sword.

Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. *Hic & ubique*, nay then weele shift our ground:
Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your handes
Againe vpon this sword, neuer to speake
Of that which you haue seene, sweare by my sword.

Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can't worke in the earth?
so fast, a worthy Pioner, once more remoue.

Hor. Day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*,

Then are Dream't of, in your philosophie,

But come here, as before you neuer shall

How strange or odde soere I beare my selfe,

As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,

To put an Anticke disposition on,

That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall

With

Prince of Denmarke.

218	With Armes incombred thus, or this head shake,	174
220	Or by pronouncing some vndoubtfull phrase,	
	As well well, wee know or wee could and if we would.	
	Or there be, and if they might, or such ambiguous:	177-8
	Giuing out to note, that you know aught of mee,	
224	This not to doe, so grace, and mercie	180-1
	At your most need helpe you, sweare	
	<i>Ghost.</i> sweare.	
	<i>Ham.</i> Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: so gentlemen,	183
228	In all my loue I do commend mee to you,	
	And what so poore a man as <i>Hamlet</i> may,	
	To pleasure you, God willing shall not want,	
	Nay come lett's go together,	187
232	But stil your fingers on your lippes I pray,	
	The time is out of ioynt, O cursed spite,	
	That euer I was borne to set it right,	190
234	Nay come lett's go together. <i>Exeunt.</i>	191
<u>Sc.v.</u>	<i>Enter Corambis, and Montano.</i>	<u>II.i.</u>
	<i>Cor.</i> <i>Montano</i> , here, these letters to my sonne,	1†
	And this same mony with my blessing to him,	*
	And bid him ply his learning good <i>Montano</i> .	2
4	<i>Mon.</i> I will my lord.	3
	<i>Cor.</i> You shall do very well <i>Montano</i> , to say thus,	4
	I knew the gentleman, or know his father,	4-5
8	To inquire the manner of his life,	11 +
	As thus; being amongst his acquaintance,	19 +
	You may say, you saw him at such a time, marke you mee,	24-25
	At game, or drincking, swearing, or drabbing,	26
	You may go so farre.	27
12	<i>Mon.</i> My lord, that will impeach his reputation.	28
	<i>Cor.</i> I faith not a whit, no not a whit,	44
	Now happely hee closeth with you in the consequence,	28
16	As you may bridle it not disparage him a iote.	51
	What was I a bout to say.	54
	<i>Mon.</i> He closeth with him in the consequence	55
	<i>Cor.</i> I, you say right, he closeth with him thus,	

The Tragedie of Hamlet

This will hee say, let mee see what hee will say,
 Mary this, I saw him yesterday, or tother day,
 Or then, or at such a time, a dicing,
 Or at Tennis, I or drincking drunke, or entring
 Of a howse of lightnes viz. brothell,
 Thus sir do wee that know the world, being men of reach,
 By indirections, finde directions forth,
 And so shall you my sonne; you ha me, ha you not?

Mon. I haue my lord.

Cor. Wel, fare you well, commend mee to him.

Mon. I will my lord.

Cor. And bid him ply his musicke

Mon. My lord I wil. *exit.*

Enter, Ofelia.

Cor. Farewel, how now *Ofelia*, what's the news with you?

Ofe. O my deare father, such a change in nature,
 So great an alteration in a Prince,
 So pitifull to him, fearefull to mee,
 A maidens eye ne're looked on.

Cor. Why what's the matter my *Ofelia*?

Of. O yong Prince *Hamlet*, the only floure of *Denmark*,
 Hee is bereft of all the wealch he had,
 The Iewell that ador'nd his feature most
 Is filcht and stolne away, his wit's bereft him,
 Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,
 There comes hee to mee with a distracted looke,
 His garters lagging downe, his shooes vntide,
 And fixt his eyes so stedfast on my face,
 As if they had vow'd, this is their latest obieft.
 Small while he stooode, but gripes me by the wrist,
 And there he holdes my pulse till with a sigh
 He doth vnclafpe his holde, and parts away
 Silent, as is the mid time of the night:
 And as he went, his cie was still on mee,
 For thus his head over his shoulder looked,
 He seemed to finde the way without his cies:

For

Prince of Denmarke.

For out of doores he went without their helpe,
And so did leaue me.

Cor. Madde for thy loue,
What haue you giuen him any crosse wordes of late?

Ofelia I did repell his letters, deny his gifts,
As you did charge me.

Cor. Why that hath made him maddes:
By heau'n t'is as proper for our age to cast
Beyond our selues, as t'is for the yonger sort
To leaue their wantonnesse. Well, I am sory
That I was so rash: but what remedy?

Lets to the King, this madnesse may prooue,
Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue. *exunt.*

Enter King and Queene, Rosencraft, and Gilderstone.

King Right noble friends, that our deere cofin Hamlet
Hath lost the very heart of all his fence,
It is most right, and we most sory for him:
Therefore we doe desire, euen as you tender
Our care to him, and our great loue to you,
That you will labour but to wring from him
The cause and ground of his distemperancie.
Doe this, the king of *Denmarke* shal be thankfull.

Ros. My Lord, whatsoeuer lies within our power
Your maiestie may more commaund in wordes
Then vse perswasions to your liege men, bound
By loue, by ductie, and obedience.

Guil. What we may doe for both your Maiesties
To know the griefe troubles the Prince your sonne,
We will indeuour all the best we may,
So in all ductie doe we take our leaue.

King Thanks Guilderstone, and gentle Rosencraft.

Que. Thanks Rosencraft, and gentle Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis and Ofelia.

Cor. My Lord, the Ambassadors are ioyfully
Return'd from *Norway*.

King Thou still hast beene the father of good news.

D 3

Cor.

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102 †

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117-111 †

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117 †

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11. ii.

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5-7

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10 †

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25-26

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28 †

29 †

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38 †

31 †

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40-41

42

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Cor. Haue I my Lord? I assure your grace,
I holde my duetie as I holde my life,
Both to my God, and to my soueraigne King:
And I belecue, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traine of policie so well
As it had wont to doe, but I haue found
The very depth of Hamlets lunacie.

Queene God graunt he hath.

Enter the Ambassadors.

King Now *Voltemar*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Vol. Most faire returnes of greetings and desires,

Vpon our first he sent forth to suppressse
His nephews leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation gainst the Polacke;
But better look't into, he truely found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieued,
That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in brieve obays,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*; and in fine,
Makes vow before his vncke, neuer more
To giue the assay of Armes against your Maiestie,
Whereon olde *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,
And his Commission to employ those souldiers,
So leuied as before, against the Polacke,
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
That it would please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions, for that enterprise
On such regards of safety and allowances
As therein are set downe.

King It likes vs well, and at fit time and leasure

Weele reade and answere these his Articles,

Meane time we thanke you for your well

Tooke labour: go to your rest, at night weele feast together:

Right welcome home.

exeunt Ambassadors.

Cor.

Prince of Denmarke.

Cor. This busines is very well dispatched.
 Now my Lord, touching the yong Prince Hamlet,
 Certaine it is that hee is madde: mad let vs grant him then:
 Now to know the cause of this effect,
 Or else to say the cause of this defect,
 For this effect defectiue comes by cause.

Queene Good my Lord be brieft.

Cor. Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter.
 Haue while shee's mine: for that we thinke
 Is surest, we often loofe: now to the Prince.
 My Lord, but note this letter,
 The which my daughter in obedience
 Deliuer'd to my handes.

King Reade it my Lord.

Cor. Marke my Lord.
 Doubt that in earth is fire,
 Doubt that the starres doe moue,
 Doubt trueth to be a liar,
 But doe not doubt I loue.
 To the beautifull *Ofelia*:
 Thine euer the most vnhappy Prince *Hamlet*.
 My Lord, what doe you thinke of me?
 I, or what might you thinke when I sawe this?

King As of a true friend and a most louing subiect.

Cor. I would be glad to prooue so.

Now when I saw this letter, thus I bespake my maiden:
 Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of your starre,
 And one that is vnequall for your loue:
 Therefore I did commaund her refuse his letters,
 Deny his tokens, and to absent her selfe.
 Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me.
 Now since which time, seeing his loue thus cros'd,
 Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,
 He straitway grew into a melancholy,
 From that vnto a fast, then vnto distraction,
 Then into a sadnesse, from that vnto a madnesse,

And

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 86 - 92
 92 - 3
 100 - 1
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 123 - 4
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 131 - 2
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 145
 146 +
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 147 +
 147 +
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The Tragedie of Hamlet

And so by continuance, and weakenesse of the braine
Into this frensie, which now possesseth him:
And if this be not true, take this from this.

King Thinke you t'is so?

Cor. How? so my Lord, I would very faine know
That thing that I haue saide t'is so, positiuely,
And it hath fallen out otherwise.
Nay, if circumstances leade me on,
Ile finde it out, if it were hid
As deepe as the centre of the earth.

King. how should wee trie this same?

Cor. Mary my good lord thus,
The Princes walke is here in the galery,
There let *Ofelia*, walke vntill hee comes:
Your selfe and I will stand close in the study,
There shall you heare the effect of all his hart,
And if it proue any otherwise then loue,
Then let my censure faile an other time.

King. see where hee comes poring vppon a booke.

Enter Hamlet.

Cor. Madame, will it please your grace
To leaue vs here?

Que. With all my hart. *exit.*

Cor. And here *Ofelia*, reade you on this booke,
And walke aloofe, the King shal be vnseene.

Ham. To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all:
No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an euerlasting Iudge,
From whence no passenger euer returnd,
The vndiscovered country, at whose sight
The happy smile, and the accurled damn'd.
But for this, the ioyfull hope of this,
Whol'd beare the scornes and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich, the rich cursed of the poore?

The

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164 †

164 †

166 †

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? * III.i. 37

III.i. 44

43 †

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60-64

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79-80

80 †

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78 †

70 †

†73-4 †

Prince of Denmarke.

The widow being oppressed, the orphan wrong'd,

The taste of hunger, or a tyrants raigne,

And thousand more calamities besides,

To grunt and sweate vnder this weary life,

When that he may his full *Quietus* make,

With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,

But for a hope of something after death?

Which pusses the braine, and doth confound the sence,

Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,

Than flie to others that we know not of.

I that, O this conscience makes cowardes of vs all,

Lady in thy orizons, be all my sinnes remembred.

Ofel. My Lord, I haue sought opportunitie, which now
I haue, to redeliuer to your worthy handes, a small remem-
brance, such tokens which I haue receiued of you.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ofel. My Lord.

Ham. Are you honest?

Ofel. What meanes my Lord?

Ham. That if you be faire and honest,
Your beauty should admit no discourse to your honesty.

Ofel. My Lord, can beauty haue better priuiledge than
with honesty?

Ham. Yea mary may it; for Beauty may transforme
Honesty, from what she was into a bawd:

Then Honesty can transforue Beauty:

This was sometimes a Paradox,

But now the time giues it scope.

I neuer gaue you nothing.

Ofel. My Lord, you know right well you did,

And with them such earnest vowes of loue,

As would haue moou'd the stoniest breast aliue,

But now too true I finde,

Rich giftes waxe poore, when giuers grow vnkinde.

Ham. I neuer loued you.

Ofel. You made me belecue you did.

E

Ham.

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93-4

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

- 118 *Ham.* O thou shouldst not a beleeced me! 164
- 122 Go to a Nunnery goe, why shouldst thou
- 124 Be a breeder of sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
But I could accuse my selfe of such crimes
It had beene better my mother had ne're borne me, 168
O I am very prowde, ambitious, disdainefull,
With more sinnes at my backe, then I haue thoughts
To put them in, what should such fellowes as I
Do, crawling between heauen and earth? 172
To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all,
Beleecue none of vs, to a Nunnery goe.
- * *Ofel.* O heauens secure him!
- 133 *Ham.* Wher's thy father? 176
- Ofel.* At home my lord.
- 135 *Ham.* For Gods sake let the doores be shut on him,
He may play the foole no where but in his
Owne house: to a Nunnery goe. 180
- * *Ofel.* Help him good God.
- 138 *Ham.* If thou dost marry, Ile giue thee
This plague to thy dowry:
Be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snowe,
Thou shalt not scape calumny, to a Nunnery goe. 184
- * *Ofel.* Alas, what change is this?
- 141-2 *Ham.* But if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole,
For wisemen know well enough, 188
What monsters you make of them, to a Nunnery goe.
- 145 *Ofel.* Pray God restore him.
- 147 *Ham.* Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too,
148 God hath giuen you one face,
And you make your selues another,
You fig, and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures,
Making your wantonnesse, your ignorance, 192
A pox, tis scuruy, Ile no more of it,
It hath made me madde: Ile no more marriages,
All that are married but one, shall liue, 196
The rest shall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe,

To

Prince of Denmarke.

To a Nunnery goe.

exit.

Ofe. Great God of heauen, what a quicke change is this?
The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him,
All dasht and splinterd thence, O woe is me,
To a scene what I haue scene, see what I see.

exit.

King. Loue? No, no, that's not the cause, *Enter King and*
Some deeper thing it is that troubles him. *Corambis.*

Cor. Wel, something it is: my Lord, content you a while,
I will my selfe goe feele him: let me worke,
Ile try him euery way: see where he comes,
Send you those Gentlemen, let me alone
To finde the depth of this, away, be gone.

exit King.

Now my good Lord, do you know me? *Enter Hamlet.*

Ham. Yea very well, y'are a fishmonger.

Cor. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then sir, I would you were so honest a man,
For to be honest, as this age goes,
Is one man to be pickt out of tenne thousand.

Cor. What doe you reade my Lord?

Ham. Wordes, wordes.

Cor. What's the matter my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Cor. I meane the matter you reade my Lord.

Ham. Mary most vile heresic:

For here the Satyricall Satyre writes,
That olde men haue hollow eyes, weake backes,
Grey bearded, pittifull weake hammes, gowty legges.
All which sir, I most potently belecue not:
For sir, your selfe shalbe olde as I am,
If like a Crabbe, you could goe backward.

Cor. How pregnant his replies are, and full of wit:
Yet at first he tooke me for a fishmonger:
All this comes by loue, the vemencie of loue.
And when I was yong, I was very idle,
And suffered much extasie in loue, very neere this:
Will you walke out of the aire my Lord?

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Ham.

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Sc.vii.

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172-3 †

184 †

170 II.ii.

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193 †

173 II.ii.

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202 †

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208-9

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Into my graue.

Cor. By the masse that's out of the aire indeed,
Very shrewd answers,
My lord I will take my leaue of you.

Enter Gilderstone, and Rossencraft.

Ham. You can take nothing from me sir,
I will more willingly part with all,
Olde doating foole.

Cor. You seeke Prince Hamlet, see, there he is. *exit.*

Gil. Health to your Lordship.

Ham. What, Gilderstone, and Rossencraft,
Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to *Elfanoure.*

Gil. We thanke your Grace, and would be very glad
You were as when we were at *Wittenberg.*

Ham. I thanke you, but is this visitation free of
Your selues, or were you not sent for?
Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene
Sent for you, there is a kinde of confession in your eye:
Come, I know you were sent for.

Gil. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I see how the winde sits,
Come, you were sent for.

Ross. My lord, we were, and willingly if we might,
Know the cause and ground of your discontent.

Ham. Why I want preferment.

Ross. I thinke not so my lord.

Ham. Yes faith, this great world you see contents me not,
No nor the spangled heauens, nor earth nor sea,
No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,
Contents nor me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Gil. My lord, we laugh not at that.

Ham. Why did you laugh then,
When I said, Man did not content mee?

Gil. My Lord, we laughed, when you said, Man did not
content you.

What entertainment the Players shall haue,

We

Prince of Denmarke.

We boarded them a the way : they are comming to you.

Ham. Players, what Players be they?

Roff. My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty,

Those that you tooke delight to see so often. (Hee?

Ham. How comes it that they trauell? Do they grow re-

Gil. No my Lord. their reputation holds as it was wont.

Ham. How then?

Gil. Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,

For the principall publike audience that

Came to them, are turned to priuate playes,

And to the humour of children.

Ham. I doe not greatly wonder of it,

For those that would make mops and moes

At my vncke, when my father liued,

Now giue a hundred, two hundred pounds

For his picture : but they shall be welcome,

He that playes the King shall haue tribute of me,

The ventrous Knight shall vse his foyle and target,

The louer shall sigh gratis,

The clowne shall make them laugh (for't,

That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verse shall halt

And the Lady shall haue leaue to speake her minde freely.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis.

Do you see yonder great baby?

He is not yet out of his swadling clowts.

Gil. That may be, for they say an olde man

Is twice a childe.

(Players,

Ham. Ile prophecie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the

You say true, a monday last, t'was so indeede.

Cor. My lord, I haue news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue newes to tell you:

When *Rossios* was an Actor in *Rome*.

Cor. The Actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Cor. The best Actors in Christendome,

Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,

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Pastorall

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pastorall, Historicall, Historicall, Comickall,
Comickall historicall, Pastorall, Tragedy historicall:
Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor *Plato* too light:
For the law hath writ those are the onely men.

Ha. O *Iephā* Iudge of *Israel!* what a treasure hadst thou?

Cor. Why what a treasure had he my lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter, and no more,
The which he loued passing well.

Cor. A, stil harping a my daughter! well my Lord,
If you call me *Iephā*, I haue a daughter that
I loue passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Cor. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to passe,
And so it was, the first verse of the godly Ballet
Wil tel you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:
Welcome maisters, welcome all, *Enter players.*
What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced
Since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in *Denmarke?*
My yong lady and mistris, burlady but your (you were:
Ladiship is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than
Pray God sir your voyce, like a peece of vncurrent
Golde, be not crack't in the ring: come on maisters,
Weele euen too't, like French Falconers,
Flie at any thing we see, come, a taste of your
Quallitie, a speech, a passionate speech.

Players. What speech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake a speech once,
But it was neuer acted: or if it were,
Neuer about twice, for as I remember,
It pleased not the vulgar, it was cauiary
To the million: but to me

And others, that receiued it in the like kinde,
Cried in the toppe of their iudgements, an excellent play,
Set downe with as great modestie as cunning:
One said there was no fallets in the lines to make the sauory,
But

Prince of Denmark.

But called it an honest methode, as wholesome as sweete.

Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember

Was *Aeneas* tale to *Dido*,

And then especially where he talkes of Princes slaughter,

If it live in thy memory beginne at this line,

Let me see.

The rugged *Pyrus*, like th'arganian beast:

No 'tis not so, it begins with *Pirrus*:

O I haue it.

The rugged *Pirrus*, he whose fable armes,

Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,

When he lay couched in the ominous horse,

Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion smeered

With Heraldry more dismall, head to foote,

Now is he totall guise, horridely tricked

With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,

Back't and imparched in calagulate gore,

Rifted in earth and fire, olde grandfire *Pyram* seekes:

So goe on. (accent.

Cor. Afore God, my Lord, well spoke, and with good

Play. Anone he finds him striking too short at Greeks,

His antique sword rebellious to his Arme,

Lies where it falles, vnable to resist.

Pyrus at *Pyram* driues, but all in rage,

Strikes wide, but with the whiffe and winde

Of his fell sword, th'unnerued father falles.

Cor. Enough my friend, 'tis too long.

Ham. It shall to the Barbers with your beard:

A pox, hee's for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry,

Or else he sleeps, come on to *Hecuba*, come.

Play. But who, O who had seene the mobled Queene?

Cor. Mobled Queene is good, faith very good.

Play. All in the alarum and feare of death rose vp,

And o're her weake and all ore-teeming loynes, a blancket

And a kereher on that head, where late the diademe stooode,

Who this had seene with tongue inuenom'd speech,

Would

405

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481-5

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488-9

490-1

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529-3

533

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Would treason haue pronounced,
For if the gods themselues had seene her then,
When she saw *Pirrus* with malicious strokes,
Mincing her husbandes limbs,
It would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen,
And passion in the gods.

Cor. Looke my lord if he hath not changde his colour,
And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart, no more.

Ham. Tis well, t'is very well, I pray my lord,
Will you see the Players well bestowed,
I tell you they are the Chronicles
And brieve abstracts of the time,
After your death I can tell you,
You were better haue a bad Epiteeth,
Then their ill report while you liue.

Cor. My lord, I will vse them according to their deserts.

Ham. O farre better man, vse euery man after his deserts,
Then who should scape whipping?
Vse them after your owne honor and dignitie,
The lesse they deserue, the greater credit's yours.

Cor. Welcome my good fellowes. *exit.*

Ham. Come hither maisters, can you not play the murder of *Gonsago*?

players Yes my Lord.

Ham. And could'st not thou for a neede study me
Some dozen or fixteene lines,
Which I would set downe and insert?

players Yes very easily my good Lord.

Ham. T'is well, I thanke you: follow that lord.
And doe you heare firs? take heede you mocke him not.
Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you,
And for a time I would desire you leaue me.

Gil. Our loue and due tie is at your commaund.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. Why what a dunghill idiote slaue am I?
Why these Players here draw water from eyes:

For

Prince of Denmarke.

For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?
 What would he do and if he had my losse?
 His father murdred, and a Crowne bereft him,
 He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood,
 Amaze the standers by with his laments,
 Strike more then wonder in the iudiciall cares,
 Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wife,
 Indeepe his passion would be generall.
 Yet I like to an asse and Iohn a Dreames,
 Having my father murdred by a villaine,
 Stand still, and let it passe, why sure I am a coward:
 Whopluckes me by the beard, or twites my nose,
 Giue's me the lie i'th throate downe to the lungs,
 Sure I should take it, or else I haue no gall,
 Or by this I should a fatted all the region kites
 With this slaues offell, this damned villaine,
 Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villaine:
 Why this is braue, that I the sonne of my deare father,
 Should like a scalion, like a very drabbe
 Thus raile in wordes. About my braine,
 I haue heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play,
 Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confest a murder
 Committed long before. —
 This spirit that I haue scene may be the Diuell,
 And out of my weakenesse and my melancholy,
 As he is very potent with such men,
 Doth seeke to damne me, I will haue sounder proofes,
 The play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King. *exit.*

Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.

King Lordes, can you by no meanes finde
 The cause of our sonne Hamlets lunacie?
 You being so neere in loue, euen from his youth,
 Me thinkes should gaine more than a stranger should.

F

Gil

584-5
 586-8
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 588 +
 589-591
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 591
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 594-5
 596-8
 596-598
 600
 601-2
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 606-7
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 611-12
 616-615
 614-617
 618
 619
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 627-8
 630
 632-3
 634

Act. III.Sc. i.

1 +
 2-4 +
 *
 *

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Gil. My lord, we haue done all the best we could,
To wring from him the cause of all his griefe,
But still he puts vs off, and by no meanes
Would make an answer to that we exposide.

Roff. Yet was he something more inclin'd to mirth
Before we left him, and I take it,
He hath giuen order for a play to night,
At which he craues your highnesse company.

King. With all our heart, it likes vs very well:
Gentlemen, seeke still to increase his mirth,
Spare for no cost, our coffers shall be open,
And we vnto your felues will still be thankfull.

Both. In all wee can, be sure you shall commaund.

Queene. Thanks gentlemen, and what the Queene of
May pleasure you, be sure you shall not want. (*Denmarke*)

Gil. Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince.

King. Thanks to you both: Gerterd you'l see this play.

Queene. My lord I will, and it ioyes me at the soule
He is inclin'd to any kinde of mirth.

Cor. Madame, I pray be ruled by me:
And my good Soueraigne, giue me leaue to speake,
We cannot yet finde out the very ground
Of his distemperance, therefore
I holde it meete, if so it please you,
Else they shall not meete, and thus it is.

King. What i'st *Corambis*?

(*done,*)

Cor. Mary my good lord: his, soone when the sports are
Madam, send you in haste to speake with him,
And I my selfe will stand behind the Arras,
There question you the cause of all his griefe,
And then in loue and nature vnto you, hee'll tell you all:
My Lord, how thinke you on't?

King. It likes vs well, Gerterd, what say you?

Queene. With all my heart, soone will I send for him.

Cor. My selfe will be that happy messenger,
Who hopes his griefe will be reueal'd to her. *exunt omnes.*

Enter

*Prince of Denmarke.**Enter Hamlet and the Players.*

Ham. Pronounce me this speech trippingly a the tongue
as I taught thee,

Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do

I'de rather heare a towne bull bellow,

Then such a fellow speake my lines.

Nor do not saw the aire thus with your hands,

But giue euery thing his action with temperance. (fellow,

O it offends mee to the soule, to heare a rebulstious periwig

To teare a passion in totters, into very ragges,

To split the cares of the ignoraut, who for the (noises,

Most parte are capable of nothing but dumbe shewes and

I would haue such a fellow whipt, for o're doing, tarmagant

It out, Herodes Herod.

players My Lorde, wee haue indifferently reformed that
among vs.

Ham. The better, the better, mend it all together:

There be fellowes that I haue scene play,

And heard others commend them, and that highly too,

That hauing neither the gate of Christian, Pagan,

Nor Turke, haue so strutted and bellowed,

That you would a thought, some of Natures journeymen

Had made men, and not made them well,

They imitated humanitie, so abhominable:

Take heede, auoyde it.

players I warrant you my Lord.

Ham. And doe you heare? let not your Clowne speake

More then is set downe, there be of them I can tell you

That will laugh themselues, to set on some

Quantitie of barren spectators to laugh with them,

Albeit there is some necessary point in the Play

Then to be obserued: O 'tis vile, and shewes

A pittifull ambition in the foole that vseth it.

And then you haue some agen, that keeps one sute

Of icasts, as a man is knowne by one sute of

Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his icasts downe

The Tragedie of Hamlet

In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:
 Cannot you stay till I eate my porridge? and, you owe me
 A quarters wages: and, my coate wants a cullison:
 And, your beere is fowre: and, blabbering with his lips,
 And thus keeping in his cinkapase of ieafts,
 When, God knows, the warine Clowne cannot make a iest
 Vnlesse by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare:
 Maisters tell him of it.

players We will my Lord.

Ham. Well, goe make you ready. *exeunt players.*

Horatio. Heere my Lord.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art euen as iust a man,
 As e're my conuersation cop'd withall.

Hor. O my lord!

Ham. Nay why should I flatter thee?

Why should the poore be flattered?

What gaine should I receiue by flattering thee,

That nothing hath but thy good minde?

Let flattery sit on those time-pleasing tongs,

To glorse with them that loues to heare their praise,

And not with such as thou *Horatio*.

There is a play to night, wherein one Sceane they haue

Comes very neere the murder of my father,

When thou shalt see that Act afoote,

Marke thou the King, doe but obserue his lookes,

For I mine eies will riuet to his face:

And if he doe not bleach, and change at that,

It is a damned ghost that we haue scene.

Horatio, haue a care, obserue him well.

Hor. My lord, mine eies shall still be on his face.

And not the smallest alteration

That shall appeare in him, but I shall note it.

Ham. Harke, they come.

Enter King, Queene, Corambis, and other Lords. (a play?)

King How now son *Hamlet*, how fare you, shall we haue

Ham. Yfaith the Camelions dish, not capon cram'd,
 feede

Ofelia?

Prince of Denmarke.

feede a the ayre.

I father : My lord, you playd in the Vniuersitie.

Cor. That I did my L: and I was counted a good astor.

Ham. What did you enact there?

Cor. My lord, I did act *Iulius Casar*, I was killed in the Capitoll, *Brutus* killed me.

Ham. It was a brute parte of him,
To kill so capitall a calfe.

Come, be these Players ready?

Queene Hamlet come sit downe by me.

Ham. No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more at-
Lady will you giue me leaue, and so forth: (traetieue:

To lay my head in your lappe?

Ofel. No my Lord.

(trary matters?

Ham. Vpon your lap, what do you thinke I meant con-
Enter in a Dumble Shew, the King and the Queene, he sits
downe in an Arbor, she leaues him: Then enters Luci-
anus with poyson in a Viall, and powres it in his eares, and
goes away: Then the Queene commeth and findes him
dead: and goes away with the other.

Ofel. What meanes this my Lord? *Enter the Prologue.*

Ham. This is myching Mallico, that meanes my chiefe.

Ofel. What doth this meane my lord?

Ham. you shall heare anone, this fellow will tell you all.

Ofel. Will he tell vs what this shew meanes?

Ham. I, or any shew you'le shew him,

Be not afeard to shew, hee'le not be afeard to tell:

O these Players cannot keepe counsell, thei'le tell all

Prol. For vs, and for our Tragedie,

Heere stowpiug to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. I'll a prologue, or a poesie for a ring?

Ofel. T'is short my Lord.

Ham. As womens loue.

Enter the Duke and Dutchesse.

Duke Full fortie ycares are past, their date is gone,

F 3

Since

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Since happy time ioynd both our hearts as one:
 And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veines,
 Ruines weakely in their pipes, and all the straines
 Of musicke, which whilome pleasde mine eare,
 Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:
 And therefore sweete Nature must pay his due,
 To heaven must I, and leave the earth with you.

Dutchesse O say not so, lest that you kill my heart,
 When death takes you, let life from me depart.

Duke Content thy selfe, when ended is my date,
 Thou maist (perchance) haue a more noble mate,
 More wise, more youthfull, and one.

Dutchesse O speake no more, for then I am accurst,
 None weds the second, but she kills the first:
 A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,
 When second husband kisses me in bed.

Ham. O wormewood, wormewood!

Duke I doe beleue you sweete, what now you speake,
 But what we doe determine oft we breake,
 For our demises stil are ouerthrowne,
 Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:
 So thinke you will no second husband wed,
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Dutchesse Both here and there pursue me lasting strife,
 If once a widdow, euer I be wife.

Ham. If she should breake now.

Duke T'is deeply sworne, sweete leaue me here a while,
 My spirit's growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedious
 time with sleepe.

Dutchesse Sleepe rocke thy braine,
 And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *exit Lady*

Ham. Madam, how do you like this play?

Queene The Lady protests too much.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence
 in it?

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

137 *Ham.* No offence in the world, poyson iniest, poison in
King What do you call the name of the phy? (iest.

244-5

140 *Ham.* Mouse-trap: mary how trapically: this play is

248

The image of a murder done in *guyana*, *Albertus*.

Was the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*,

Father, it is a knauish peece a worke: but what

250-1

A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that haue free

Soules, let the galld iade wince, this is one

Lucianus nephew to the King.

254

Ofel. Ya re as good as a *Chorus* my lord.

Ham. I could interpret the loue you beate, if I sawe the
poopies dallying.

148

Ofel. Yare very pleasant my lord.

128

Ham. Who I, your onlie jig-maker, why what shoulde
a man do but be merry? for looke how cheerefully my mo-
ther lookes, my father died within these two houres.

150

129-31

Ofel. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord.

134

Ham. Two months, nay then let the diuell weare blacke,

For i'le haue a sute of Sables: Iesus, two months dead,

156

138

And not forgotten yet? nay then there's some

Likelyhood, a gentlemans death may outliue memorie,

139

But by my faith hee must build churches then,

141

Or els hee must follow the olde Epitithe,

143

With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horse is forgot.

144

Ofel. Your iests are keene my Lord.

258

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take them off.

259-60

Ofel. Still better and worse.

261

Ham. So you must take your husband, begin. Murdred

Begin, a poxe, leaue thy damnable faces and begin,

263

Come, the croking rauens doth bellow for reuenge.

Murd. Thoughts blacke, hands apt, drugs fit, and time

266

Confederate season, else no creature seeing: (agreeing.

Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weedes collected,

With *Hecates* bane thrife blasted, thrife infected,

Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,

One wholesome life vsurps immediately.

exit.

270

Ham.

172

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. He poysons him for his estate.

King Lights, I will to bed.

Cor. The king rises, lights hoe.

Exeunt King and Lordes.

Ham. What, frighted with false fires?

Then let the stricken deere goe weepe,

The Hart vngalled play,

For some must laugh, while some must weepe,

Thus runnes the world away.

Hor. The king is moued my lord.

Ham. I *Horatio*, i'll take the Ghosts word

For more then all the coyne in *Denmarke*.

Enter Rosencrafft and Gilderstone.

Ross. Now my lord, how i'ft with you?

Ham. And if the king like not the tragedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.

Ross. We are very glad to see your grace so pleasant,
My good lord, let vs againe intreate (ture
To know of you the ground and cause of your distempera-

Gil. My lord, your mother craues to speake with you.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.

Ross. But my good Lord, shall I intreate thus much?

Ham. I pray will you play vpon this pipe?

Ross. Alas my lord I cannot.

Ham. Pray will you.

Gil. I haue no skill my Lord.

Ham. why looke, it is a thing of nothing,
T'is but stopping of these holes,

And with a little breath from your lips,

It will giue most delicate musick.

Gil. But this cannot wee do my Lord.

Ham. Pray now, pray hartily, I beseech you.

Ros. My lord wee cannot.

Ham. Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of
You

173

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203

Prince of Denmarke.

205 You would seeme to know my stops, you would play vpon
 You would search the very inward part of my hart, mee,
 And diue into the secret of my soule.

208 Zownds do you thinke I am easier to be pla'yd
 On, then a pipe? call mee what Instrument
 You will, though you can frett mee, yet you can not
 Play vpon mee, besides, to be demanded by a sponge.

212 *Rof.* How a sponge my Lord?

Ham. I fir, a sponge, that sokes vp the kings
 Countenance, fauours, and rewardes, that makes
 His liberalitie your store house: but such as you,
 Do the king, in the end, best seruise;

216 For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes,
 In the corner of his law, first mouthes you,
 Then swallows you: so when hee hath need
 Of you, 'tis but squeesing of you,
 And sponge, you shall be dry againe, you shall.

222 *Rof.* Wel my Lord wee'll take our leaue.

Ham. Farewell, farewell, God blesse you.

Exit Rosencrafft and Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis

224 *Cor.* My lord, the Queene would speake with you.

Ham. Do you see yonder clowd in the shape of a camell?

Cor. 'Tis like a camell in deed.

Ham. Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.

228 *Cor.* 'Tis back't like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale.

230 *Cor.* Very like a whale. *exit Coram.*

Ham. Why then tell my mother i'll come by and by.

Good night Horatio.

Hor. Good night vnto your Lordship. *exit Horatio.*

234 *Ham.* My mother she hath sent to speake with me:

O God, let ne're the heart of *Nero* enter

This soft bosome.

237 Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall.

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-I

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IV.ii. 12

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III.ii.

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393-4

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413

The Tragedie of Hamlet

I will speake daggers, those sharpe wordes being spent,
To doe her wrong my soule shall ne're consent. *exit.*

Enter the King.

King O that this wet that fallies vpon my face
Would wash the crime cleere from my conscience!
When I looke vp to heauen, I see my trespasse,
The earth doth still crie out vpon my fact,
Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
And the adulterous fault I haue committed:
O these are finnes that are vnpardonable:
Why say thy finnes were blacker then is ieat,
Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe:
I but still to perseuer in a sinne,
It is an act gainst the vniuersall power,
Most wretched man, stoope, bend thee to thy prayer,
Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from despaire.

hee kneeles. enters Hamlet

Ham. I so, come forth and worke thy last,
And thus hee dies : and so am I reuenged:
No, not so: he tooke my father sleeping, his sins brim full,
And how his soule stooode to the state of heauen
Who knowes, saue the immortall powres,
And shall I kill him now,
When he is purging of his soule?
Making his way for heauen, this is a benefit,
And not reuenge: no, get thee vp agen, *(drunke,*
When hee's at game swaring, taking his carowfe, *drinking*
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
Or at some act that hath no relish
Of saluation in't, then trip him
That his heeles may kicke at heauen,
And fall as lowe as hel: my mother stayes,
T'his phisicke but prolongs thy weary dayes. *exit Ham,*
King My wordes fly vp, my finnes remaine below.

No

Prince of Denmarke.

No King on earth is safe, if Gods his foe. *exit King.*

Enter Queene and Corambis.

Cor. Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comming,
I'll shrowde my selfe behinde the Arras. *exit Cor.*

Queene Do so my Lord.

Ham. Mother, mother, O are you here?
How i' st with you mother?

Queene How i' st with you?

Ham, I'll tell you, but first wee'll make all safe.

Queene Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Queene How now boy?

Ham. How now mother! come here, sit downe, for you
shall heare me speake.

Queene What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me :
Helpe hoe.

Cor. Helpe for the Queene.

Ham. I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.
Rash intruding foole, farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better.

Queene Hamlet, what hast thou done?

Ham. Not so much harme, good mother,
As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queene How! kill a king!

Ham. I a King: nay sit you downe, and ere you part,
If you be made of penittrable stuffe,
I'll make your eyes looke downe into your heart,
And see how horride there and blacke it shews. (words?)

Queene Hamlet, what mean'st thou by these killing

Ham. Why this I meane, see here, behold this picture,
It is the portraiture, of your deceased husband,
See here a face, to outface Mars himselfe,
An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,
A front wherin all vertues are set downe
For to adorne a king, and guild his crowne,
Whose heart went hand in hand even with that vow,

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III. iv.

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13-18 +

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54 +

55-57

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IV. 40

The Tragedie of Hamlet

I.v. 50

III. iv. 63-4

96

66 †

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65-78

92 †

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102

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91 †

92 †

101

69 †

83 †

84 †

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157

He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.
Murdred, damnably murdred, this was your husband,
Looke you now, here is your husband,
With a face like *Vulcan*.

A looke fit for a murder and a rape,
A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eie,
To affright children and amaze the world:
And this same haue you left to change with this.
What Diuell thus hath cofoned you at hob-man blinde?
A! haue you eyes and can you looke on him
That slew my father, and your deere husband,
To liue in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?

Queene. O Hamlet, speake no more.

Ham. To leaue him that bare a Monarkes minde,
For a king of clowts, of very threads.

Queene. Sweete Hamlet cease.

Ham. Nay but still to perfist and dwell in sinne,
To sweate vnder the yoke of infamie,
To make increase of shame, to seale damnation.

Queene. Hamlet, no more.

Ham. Why appetite with you is in the waine,
Your blood runnes backward now from whence it came,
Who'le chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,
When lust shall dwell within a matrons breast?

Queene. Hamlet, thou cleaues my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worfer part of it, and keepe the
better.

Enter the ghost in his night gowne.

Saue me, saue me, you gracious
Powers aboue, and houer ouer mee,
With your celestially wings.
Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That I thus long haue let reuenge slippe by?
O do not glare with lookes so pittifull!
Left that my heart offstone yeelde to compassion,

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And euery part that should assist reuenge,
 Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pittie.

Ghost Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee,

To put thee in remembrance of my death:

Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off.

But I perceiue by thy distracted lookes,

Thy mother's fearefull, and she stands amazde:

Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weake,

Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.

Ham. How i't with you Lady?

Queene Nay, how i't with you

That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,

And holde discourse with nothing but with ayre?

Ham. Why doe you nothing heare?

Queene Not I.

Ham. Nor doe you nothing see?

Queene No neither.

Ham. No, why see the king my father, my father, in the

As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,

See how he steales away out of the Portall,

Looke, there he goes. *exit ghost.*

Queene Alas, it is the weakenesse of thy braine,

Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts griefe:

But as I haue a soule, I sweare by heauen,

I neuer knew of this most horride murder:

But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,

And for my loue forget these idle fits.

Ham. Idle, no mother, my pulse doth beate like yours,

It is not madnesse that possesseth Hamlet.

O mother, if euer you did my deare father loue,

Forbeare the adulterous bed to night,

And win your selfe by little as you may,

In time it may be you wil lothe him quite:

And mother, but assist mee in reuenge,

And in his death your infamy shall die.

Queene Hamlet, I vow by that maiesty,

G 3

That

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110 †

111 †

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112 †

112 †

114 †

115 †

115

118

133

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133

134-5

135 †

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137 †

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137

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139-40

141-2

144 †

159-165

166-7

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197 †

The Tragedie of Hamlet

That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts,
I will conceale, consent, and doe my best,
What stratagem soe're thou shalt deuise.

Ham. It is enough, mother good night:
Come sir, I'll prouide for you a graue,
Who was in life a foolish prating knaue.

Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

Act iv.

Sc i.

Enter the King and Lordes.

King Now Gertred, what sayes our sonne, how doe you
finde him?

Queene Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whenas he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throwes and toffes me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Corambis*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good olde man he kills.

King Why this his madnesse will vndoe our state.
Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out.

Gil. We will my Lord. *Exeunt Lordes.*

King Gertred, your sonne shall presently to England,
His shipping is already furnished,
And we haue sent by *Rossencraft* and *Gilderstone*,
Our letters to our deare brother of England,
For Hamlets welfare and his happinesse:
Happly the aire and climate of the Country
May please him better than his natue home:
See where he comes.

IV. iii.

Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.

Gil. My lord, we can by no meanes
Know of him where the body is.

King Now sonne Hamlet, where is this dead body?

Ham. At supper, not where he is eating, but

Where

Prince of Denmarke.

Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke wormes
are euen now at him.

Father, your fatte King, and your leane Beggar
Are but variable seruices, two dishes to one messe:

Looke you, a man may fish with that worme

Thar hath eaten of a King,

And a Beggar eate that fish,

Which that worme hath caught.

King What of this?

Ham. Nothing father, but to tell you, how a King
May go a progresse through the guttes of a Beggar.

King But sonne *Hamlet*, where is this body?

Ham. In heau'n, if you chance to misse him there,
Father, you had best looke in the other partes below
For him, and if you cannot finde him there,

You may chance to nose him as you go vp the lobby.

King Make haste and finde him out.

Ham. Nay doe you heare? do not make too much haste,
I'll warrant you hee'll stay till you come.

King Well sonne *Hamlet*, we in care of you: but specially
in tender preferuation of your health,

The which we price euen as our proper selfe,

It is our minde you forthwith goe for *England*,

The winde sits faire, you shall aboorde to night,

Lord *Rossencraft* and *Gilderstone* shall goe along with you.

Ham. O with all my heart: farewell mother.

King Your louing father, *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother I say: you married my mother,

My mother is your wife, man and wife is one flesh,

And so (my mother) farewell: for *England* hoe.

exeunt all but the king.

king Gertred, leaue me,

And take your leaue of *Hamlet*,

To *England* is he gone, ne're to returne:

Our Letters are vnto the King of *England*,

That on the sight of them, on his allegiance,

He

The Tragedie of Hamlet

He presently without demanding why,
That *Hamlet* loose his head, for he must die,
There's more in him than shallow eyes can see:
He once being dead, why then our state is free. *exit.*

171

174

x¹¹

Sc.xii.

Enter Fortenbrasse, Drumme and Souldiers.

Fort. Captaine, from vs goe greete
The king of Denmarke:
Tell him that *Fortenbrasse* nephew to old *Norway*,
Craues a free passe and conduct ouer his land,
According to the Articles agreed on:
You know our Randevous, goe march away. *exeunt all.*

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6

enter King and Queene.

Sc.xiii.

King *Hamlet* is ship't for England, fare him well,
I hope to heare good newes from thence ere long,
If every thing fall out to our content,
As I doe make no doubt but so it shall.
Queene God grant it may, heau'ns keep my *Hamlet* safe:
But this mischance of olde *Cerambis* death,
Hath pierced so the yong *Ofeliaes* heart,
That she, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes.

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King Alas deere heart! And on the other side,
We vnderstand her brother's come from *France*,
And he hath halfe the heart of all our Land,
And hardly hee'le forget his fathers death,
Vnlesse by some meanes he be pacified.

Qu. O see where the yong *Ofelia* is!

*Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire
downe singing.*

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hatte, and his staffe,

15

And

17

Prince of Denmarke.

And his sandall shoone.
 White his shrowde as mountaine snowe,
 Larded with sweete flowers,
 That bewept to the graue did not goe
 With true louers showers:
 He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
 At his head a grasse greene turffe,
 At his heeles a stone.

king How i't with you sweete *Ofelia*?

Ofelia. Well God yeeld you.

It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,
 I could not chuse but weep:

And will he not come againe?

And will he not come againe?

No, no, hee's gone, and we cast away mone,

And he neuer will come againe.

His beard as white as snowe:

All flaxen was his pole,

He is dead, he is gone,

And we cast away moane:

God a mercy on his soule.

And of all christen soules I pray God.

God be with you Ladies, God be with you. *exit Ofelia.*

king A pretty wretch! this is a change indeede:

O Time, how swiftly runnes our ioyes away?

Content on earth was neuer certaine bred,

To day we laugh and liue, to morrow dead.

How now, what noyse is that?

A noyse within. enter Leartes.

Lear. Stay there vntill I come,

O thou vilde king, giue me my father:

Speake, say, where's my father?

king Dead.

Lear. Who hath mured him? speake, i'le not

Be juggled with, for he is mured.

Queene True, but not by him.

H

Lear

26

35

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29-30

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190

192-7-8

194

195

197

199

200

201 †

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112

115-16

128

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lear. By whome, by heau'n I'll be resolu'd.

king Let him goe *Gerired*, away, I feare him not,
There's such diuinitie doth wall a king,
That treason dares not looke on.

Let him goe *Gerired*, that your father is murdred,
T'is true, and we most sory for it

Being the chiefeft pillar of our state:

Therefore will you like a most desperate gamster,
Swoop-stake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?

Lear. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope mine arms,
And locke them in my hart, but to his foes,
I will no reconcilement but by blood.

king Why now you speake like a most louing sonne:
And that in soule we sorrow for for his death,
Your selfe ere long shall be a witnesse,
Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.

Enter Ofelia as before.

Lear. Who's this, *Ofelia*? O my deere sister!
I't possible a yong maides life,
Should be as mortall as an olde mans sawe?
O heau'ns themselues! how now *Ofelia*?

Ofel. Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:
Here, here is reu for you,
You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,
Heere's some for me too: you must weare your reu
With a difference, there's a dazie.

Here Loue, there's rosemary for you
For remembrance: I pray Loue remember:
And there's pansy for thoughts.

Lear. A document in madnes, thoughts, remembrance:
O God, O God!

Ofelia There is fennell for you, I would a giu'n you
Some violets, but they all withered, when
My father died: alas, they say the owle was
A Bakers daughter, we see what we are,
But can not tell what we shall be.

For

Prince of Denmarke.

For bonny sweete Robin is all my ioy.

Lear. Thoughts & afflictions, torments worse than hell.

Ofel. Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:

I pray now, you shall sing a downe,

And you a downe a, t'is a the Kings daughter

And the false steward, and if any body

Aske you of any thing, say you this.

To morrow is saint Valentines day,

All in the morning betime,

And a maide at your window,

To be your Valentine:

The yong man rose, and dan'd his clothes,

And dupt the chamber doore,

Let in the maide, that out a maide

Neuer departed more.

Nay I pray marke now,

By gisse, and by saint Charitie,

Away, and fie for shame:

Yong men will doo't when they come too't:

By cocke they are too blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promised me to wed.

So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,

If thou hadst not come to my bed.

So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.

God bwy you Loue. *exit Ofelia.*

Lear. Griefe vpon griefe, my father murdered,

My sister thus distracted:

Curst be his soule that wrought this wicked act.

king Content you good Leartes for a time,

Although I know your griefe is as a floud,

Brimme full of sorrow, but forbear a while,

And thinke already the reuenge is done

On him that makes you such a haplesse sonne.

Lear. You haue preuail'd my Lord, a while I'll strue,

To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath,

H 2

Which

187

188

46

170

171-173

172-47

47

48

51

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57 †

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71-2 †

73 †

IVvii.25

26

Vi.27

IVv.210 †

IVv.202 †

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*

IVv.211.

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

† IV.vii.29

† IV.vii.335

(This Sc.
is not in
the other
Quartos
or Folios
except
as to the
fact of
Hor's
speeches.)

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† IV.vi.24

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IV. vi.28-9

V. ii.44-7

V. ii. 49-50

Which once vnheard, then the world shall heare
Leartes had a father he held deere.

king No more of that, ere many dayes be done,
You shall heare that you do not dreame vpon. *exeunt om.*

Enter Horatio and the Queene.

Hor. Madame, your sonne is safe arriv'de in *Denmarke*,
This letter I euen now receiv'd of him,
Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger,
And suble treason that the king had plotted,
Being crossed by the contention of the windes,
He found the Packet sent to the king of *England*,
Wherein he saw himselfe betray'd to death,
As at his next conuersion with your grace,
He will relate the circumstance at full.

Queene Then I perceiue there's treason in his lookes
That seem'd to sugar o're his villanie:
But I will soothe and please him for a time,
For murderous mindes are alwayes jealous,
But know not you *Horatio* where he is?

Hor. Yes Madame, and he hath appoynted me
To meete him on the east side of the Cittie
To morrow morning.

Queene O faile not, good *Horatio*, and withall, com-
A mothers care to him, bid him a while (mend me
Be wary of his prefence, lest that he
Faile in that he goes about.

Hor. Madam, neuer make doubt of that:
I thinke by this the news be come to court:
He is arriv'de, obserue the king, and you shall
Quickely finde, *Hamlet* being here,
Things fell not to his minde.

Queene But what became of *Gilderstone* and *Rossencraft*?
Hor. He being set ashore, they went for *England*,
And in the Packet there writ down that doome
To be perform'd on them poynted for him:
And by great chance he had his fathers Scale,

So

124

127

ScXIV.

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Prince of Denmarke.

So all was done without discoverie.

Queene Thankes be to heauen for blessing of the prince,
Horatio once againe I take my leaue,
 With thowfand mothers blessings to my sonne.

Horat. Madam adue.

Enter King and Leartes.

King. Hamlet from *England*! is it possible?
 What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.

Lear. O he is welcome, by my soule he is:

At it my iocund heart doth leape for ioy,
 That I shall liue to tell him, thus he dies.

king Leartes, content your selfe, be rulde by me,
 And you shall haue no let for your reuenge.

Lear. My will, not all the world.

King. Nay but Leartes, marke the plot I haue layde,
 I haue heard him often with a greedy wish,
 Vpon some praise that he hath heard of you
 Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,
 He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.

Lea. And how for this?

King Mary Leartes thus: I'll lay a wager,
 Shalbe on *Hamlets* side, and you shall giue the oddes,
 The which will draw him with a more desire,
 To try the maistray, that in twelue venies
 You gaine not three of him: now this being granted,
 When you are hot in midst of all your play,
 Among the foyles shall a keene rapier lie,
 Steeped in a mixture of deadly poyson,
 That if it drawes but the least dramme of blood,
 In any part of him, he cannot liue:
 This being done will free you from suspition,
 And not the deereft friend that *Hamlet* lov'de
 Will euer haue Leartes in suspect.

Lear. My lord, I like it well:

But say lord *Hamlet* should refuse this match.

King I'll warrant you, wee'll put on you

H 3

Such

[IV.vii.]

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65-6

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75-104

72-4-103

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105-6

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135-156

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137-8 +

138-9 +

147-8

148

149

67

68 +

69 +

69-140

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132

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Such a report of singularity,
Will bring him on, although against his will.
And lest that all should misse,
I'll haue a potion that shall ready stand,
In all his heate when that he calles for drinke,
Shall be his period and our happinesse.

Lear. Tis excellent, O would the time were come!
Here comes the Queene. *enter the Queene.*

king How now Gertrud, why looke you heauily?

Queene O my Lord, the yong *Ofelia*
Hauing made a garland of sundry sortes of floures,
Sitting vpon a willow by a brooke,
The enuious sprig broke, into the brooke she fell,
And for a while her clothes spread wide abroad,
Bore the yong Lady vp: and there she fate smiling,
Euen Mermaide like, twixt heauen and earth,
Chaunting olde sundry tunes vncapable
As it were of her distresse, but long it could not be,
Till that her clothes, being heauy with their drinke,
Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.

Lear. So, she is drownde;
Too much of water hast thou *Ofelia*,
Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares,
Reuenge it is must yeeld this heart releefe,
For woe begets woe, and grieve hangs on grieve. *exennt.*

enter Clowne and an other.

Clowne I say no, she ought not to be buried
In christian buriall.

2. Why sir?

Clowne Mary because shee's drownd.

2. But she did not drowne her selfe.

Clowne No, that's certaine, the water drownd her.

2. Yea but it was against her will.

Clowne No, I deny that, for looke you sir, I stand here,
If the water come to me, I drowne not my selfe:
But if I goe to the water, and am there drownd,

Ergo

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Sc. xvi.

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132-3

134 +

151-155

160-1

159-60

163 +

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163

165 +

169

173-4

174-6

176-7

177

177

178

179-181

184

186

187

191 +

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Act V. Sc i.

1

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3 +

6 +

14 +

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16-17

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Prince of Denmarke.

Ergo I am guiltie of my owne death:

Y^e are gone, goe y^e are gone sir.

2. I but see, she hath christian buriall,
Because she is a great woman.

Clowne Mary more's the pittie, that great folke
Should haue more authoritie to hang or drowne
Themselues, more than other people:

Goe fetch me a stope of drinke, but before thou
Goeest, tell me one thing, who buildes strongest,
Of a Mafon, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

2. Why a Mafon, for he buildes all of stone,
And will indure long.

Clowne That's pretie, too't agen, too't agen.

2. Why then a Carpenter, for he buildes the gallowes,
And that brings many a one to his long home.

Clowne Pretie agen, the gallowes doth well, mary howe
dooes it well? the gallowes dooes well to them that doe ill,
goe get thee gone:

And if any one aske thee hereafter, say,
A Graue-maker, for the houses he buildes
Last till Doomef-day. Fetch me a stope of beere, goe.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Clowne A picke-axe and a spade,
A spade for and a winding sheete,
Most fit it is, for t'will be made, *he throwes up a shovel.*
For such a ghest most meete.

Ham. Hath this fellow any feeling of himselfe,
That is thus merry in making of a graue?
See how the slaue joles their heads against the earth.

Hor. My lord, Custome hath made it in him seeme no-

Clowne A pick-axe and a spade, a spade, (thing.
For and a winding sheete,
Most fir it is for to be made,
For such a ghost most meet.

Ham. Looke you, there's another *Horatio.*

Why

21-2 †

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67-8

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47-8

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51 †

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50 †

51-2

52-3

56 †

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66-7

67-8

102

105

73

74

84

75-6

102

105

106

The Tragedie of Hamlet

106-7	Why mai't not be the scull of some Lawyer?	45
111 †	Me thinkes he should indite that fellow	
111	Of an action of Batterie, for knocking	
110	Him about the pate with's shouel: now where is your	48
107-8	Quirkes and quilllets now, your vouchers and	
114	Double vouchers, your leases and free-holde,	
120	And tenements? why that same boxe there will scarce	
119	Holde the conueiance of his land, and must	52
121	The honor lie there? O pittifull transformance!	
*	I prethee tell me <i>Horatio</i> ,	
123	Is parchement made of sheep-skinnes?	
124	<i>Hor.</i> I my Lorde, and of calves-skinnes too.	56
	<i>Ham.</i> Ifaith they prooue themselues sheepe and calves	
126	That deale with them, or put their trust in them.	
92	There's another, why may not that be such a ones	
93	Scull, that praised my Lord such a ones horse,	60
94	When he meant to beg him? <i>Horatio</i> , I prethee	
126	Lets question yonder fellow.	
	Now my friend, whose graue is this?	
128	<i>Clowne</i> Mine sir.	64
*	<i>Ham.</i> But who must lie in it? (sir.	
139 †	<i>Clowne</i> If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat	
141	<i>Ham.</i> What man must be buried here?	
	<i>Clowne</i> No man sir.	68
	<i>Ham.</i> What woman?	
144	<i>Clowne.</i> No woman neither sir, but indeede ⁷	70
146	One that was a woman.	
148 †	<i>Ham.</i> An excellent fellow by the Lord <i>Horatio</i> ,	72
150 †	This seauen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the peasant,	
152	Comes so neere the heele of the courtier,	
153	That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,	
178-9	How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots? †	76
180	<i>Clowne</i> I faith sir, if hee be not rotten before	
181	He be laide in, as we haue many pocky corfes,	
182-3	He will last you, eight yeares, a tanner	
184	Will last you eight yeares full out, or nine.	80

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

81	<i>Ham.</i> And why a tanner?	184
84	<i>Clowne</i> Why his hide is so tanned with his trade, That it will holde out water, that's a parlous Deuourer of your dead body, a great soaker. Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare, Let me see, I euer since our last king <i>Hamlet</i> Slew <i>Fortenbrasse</i> in combat, yong <i>Hamlets</i> father, Hee that's mad.	189-90 156 157-160 161
88	<i>Ham.</i> I mary, how came he madde?	171
90	<i>Clowne</i> I faith very strangely, by loosing of his wittes.	174
92	<i>Ham.</i> Vpon what ground?	
96	<i>Clowne</i> A this ground, in <i>Denmarke</i> .	176
100	<i>Ham.</i> Where is he now?	*
104	<i>Clowne</i> Why now they sent him to <i>England</i> .	161-2
108	<i>Ham.</i> To <i>England</i> ! wherefore?	163-4
112	<i>Clowne</i> Why they say he shall haue his wittes there, Or if he haue not, 'tis no great matter there, It will not be seene there.	166 167 169
116	<i>Ham.</i> Why not there?	168
	<i>Clowne</i> Why there they say the men are as mad as he.	170
	<i>Ham.</i> Whose scull was this?	192
	<i>Clowne</i> This a plague on him, a madde rogues it was, He powred once a whole flagon of <i>Rhenish</i> of my head, Why do not you know him? this was one <i>Torickes</i> scull.	196-193 197 198
	<i>Ham.</i> Was this? I prethee let me see it, alas poore <i>Toricke</i> I knew him <i>Horatio</i> , A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caried mee twenty times vpon his backe, here hung those lippes that I haue Kissed a hundred times, and to see, now they abhorre me : Wheres your iests now <i>Toricke</i> ? your flashes of meriment : now go to my Ladies chamber, and bid her paint her selfe an inch thicke, to this she must come <i>Toricke</i> . <i>Horatio</i> , I prethee tell me one thing, doost thou thinke that <i>Alexander</i> looked thus?	200-203 202 204-5 207 209-10 213 214 215-16-218 219
	<i>Hor.</i> Euen so my Lord.	
	<i>Ham.</i> And smelt thus?	221

I

Hor.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

- 222 *Hor.* I my lord, no otherwise. 117
- 224 *Ham.* No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of
- 231 *Alexander, Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander*
- 232-3 became earth, of earth we make clay, and *Alexander* being 120
- but clay, why might not time bring to passe, that he might
- 236 stoppe the bounge hole of a beere barrell?
- 237 Imperious *Cesar* dead and turnd to clay, 124
- Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.
- Enter King and Queene, Leartes, and other lordes,*
- with a Priest after the coffin.*
- 241 *Ham.* What funerall's this that all the Court laments? 125
- 242-244 It shews to be some noble parentage:
- 245 Stand by a while.
- 246-248 *Lear.* What ceremony else? say, what ceremony else? 128
- 249 *Priest* My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs,
- 250 And more than well the church can tolerate, 130
- † 255-6 She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden soule:
- † 251 And but for fauour of the king, and you,
- 252 She had beene buried in the open fieldes,
- † 256-7 Where now she is allowed christian buriall. 134
- 263-4 *Lear.* So, I tell thee churlish Priest, a ministring Angell
- 264-5 shall my sister be, when thou liest howling.
- Ham.* The faire *Ofelia* dead!
- Queene* Sweetes to the sweete, farewell: 138
- 268 I had thought to adorne thy bridale bed, faire maide,
- 269 And not to follow thee vnto thy graue. 140
- 272 *Lear.* Forbeare the earth a while: sister farewell:
- Lear*tes leapes into the graue.
- 274 Now powre your earth on *Olympus* hie, 142
- 275-6 And make a hill to o're top olde *Pellon*: *Hamlet leapes*
- 277-8 Whats he that coniures so? *in after Leartes*
- 280-1 *Ham.* Beholde tis I, *Hamlet* the Dane.
- 281 *Lear.* The diuell take thy soule. 146
- Ham.* O thou praiest not well,
- 283 I prethee take thy hand from off my throate,
- 285 For there is something in me dangerous, 149

Which

Prince of Denmarke.

Which let thy wisedome feare, holde off thy hand:
 I lou'de *Ofelia* as deere as twenty brothers could:
 Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:
 Wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt pray,
 Wilt drinke vp vessels, eate a crocadile? Ile doot:
 Com'st thou here to whine?
 And where thou talk'st of burying thee a liue,
 Here let vs stand: and let them throw on vs,
 Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,
 Make Oofell as a Wart.

King. Forbeare *Leartes*, now is hee mad, as is the sea,
 Anone as milde and gentle as a Doue:
 Therfore a while giue his wilde humour scope.

Ham. What is the reason sir that you wrong mee thus?
 I neuer gaue you cause: but stand away,
 A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day.

Exit Hamlet and Horatio.

Queene. Alas, it is his madnes makes him thus,
 And not his heart, *Leartes*.

King. My lord, 'tis so: but wee'le no longer trifle,
 This very day shall *Hamlet* drinke his last,
 For presently we meane to send to him,
 Therfore *Leartes* be in readynes.

Lear. My lord, till then my soule will not bee quiet.

King. Come *Gertred*, wee'l haue *Leartes*, and our sonne,
 Made friends and Louers, as befittes them both,
 Euen as they tender vs, and loue their countrie.

Queene. God grant they may. *exennt omnes.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

Ham. belceue mee, it grieues mee much *Horatio*,
 That to *Leartes* I forgot my selfe:
 For by my selfe me thinkes I feele his griefe,
 Though there's a difference in each others wrong.

Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

Horatio, but marke yon water-flie,
 The Court knowes him. but hee knowes not the Court.

286

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295-307

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(not in Qos.
or Folios.)

307 ref.

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* (aside
to L.)

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V ii.

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77-8

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87 †

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Gent. Now God saue thee, sweete prince *Hamlet.*

Ham. And you sitisoh, how the muske and smells!

Gent. I come with an embassage from his maiesty to you

Ham. I shall fir giue you attention:

By my troth me thinkes t is very colde.

Gent. It is indeede very rawwith colde.

Ham. T is hot me thinkes.

Gent. Very swoltery hote:

The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side,

Six Barbary horse, against six french rapiers,

With all their acoutrements too, a the carriages:

In good faith they are very curiously wrought:

Ham. The cariages sir, I do not know what you meane.

Gent. The girdles, and hangers sir, and such like.

Ham. The worde had beene more cosin german to the

phrase, if he could haue carried the canon by his side,

And howe's the wager? I vnderstand you now.

Gent. Mary sir, that yong Leartes in twelue venies

At Rapier and Dagger do not get three oddes of you,

And on your side the King hath laide,

And desires you to be in readinesse.

Ham. Very well, if the King dare venture his wager,
I dare venture my skull: when must this be?

Gent. My Lord, presently, the king and her maiesty,

With the rest of the best iudgement in the Court,

Are comming downe into the outward pallace.

Ham. Goe tel his maiestie, I wil attend him.

Gent. I shall deliuer your most sweet answer.

Ham. You may sir, none better for y'are spiced,

Else he had a bad nose could not smell a foole.

Hor. He will disclose himselfe without inquirie.

Ham. Beleeue me *Horatio*, my hart is on the sodaine

Very sore all here about.

Hor. My lord forbear the challenge then.

Ham. No *Horatio*, not I, if danger be now.

Why then it is not to come, theres a predestinate prouidence.

in

Prince of Denmarke.

in the fall of a sparrow : heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Leartes, Lordes.

King Now sonne *Hamlet*, we haue laid vpon your head,
And make no question but to haue the best.

Ham. Your maiestie hath laide a the weaker side.

King We doubt it not, deliuer them the foiles.

Ham. First *Lear*tes, heere's my hand and loue,
Protesting that I neuer wrongd *Lear*tes.

If *Hamlet* in his madnesse did amisse,

That was not *Hamlet*, but his madnes did it,

And all the wrong I e're did to *Lear*tes,

I here proclaime was madnes, therefore lets be at peace,

And thinke I haue shot mine arrow o're the house,

And hurt my brother.

Lear. Sir I am satisfied in nature,
But in termes of honor I'll stand aloofe,

And will no reconcilment,

Till by some elder maisters of our time

I may be satisfied.

King. Giue them the foyles.

Ham. I'll be your foyle *Lear*tes, these foyles,

Haue all a laught, come on sir: *a hit.*

Lear. No none.

Heere they play

Ham. Iudgement.

Gent. A hit, a most palpable hit.

Lear. Well, come againe.

They play againe.

Ham. Another. Iudgement.

Lear. I, I grant, a tuch a tuch.

King. Here *Hamlet*, the king doth drinke a health to thee

Queene. Here *Hamlet*, take my napkin, wipe thy face.

King. Giue him the wine.

Ham. Set it by, I'll haue another bowt first,
I'll drinke anone.

Queene. Here *Hamlet*, thy mother drinckes to thee.

Shee drinckes.

King. Do not drinke *Gertrud* : O'tis the poyfined cup!

I 3

Ham.

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272-1

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247-8

241-3

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258-259

260 +

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276-291

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293-4

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300

300-303

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. *Leartes* come, you dally with me,
I pray you passe with your most cunningst play.

Lear. If say you so? haue at you,
He hit you now my Lord:
And yet it goes almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come on sir.

*They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded,
Learthes falles downe, the Queene falles downe and dies.*

King Looke to the Queene.

Queene O the drinke, the drinke, *Hamlet*, the drinke.

Ham. Treason, ho, keepe the gates.

Lords How ist my Lord *Leartes*?

Lear. Euen as a coxcombe should,
Foolishly slaine with my owne weapon:

Hamlet, thou hast not in thee halfe an houre of life,
The fatall Instrument is in thy hand.

Vnbated and inuenomed: thy mother's poyfned,
That drinke was made for thee.

Ham. The poyfned Instrument within my hand?
Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaine:
Come drinke. here lies thy vnion here. *The king dies.*

Lear. O he is iustly serued:

Hamlet. before I die, here take my hand,
And withall, my loue: I doe forgiue thee. *Leartes dies.*

Ham. And I thee, O I am dead *Horatio*, fare thee well.

Hor. No, I am more an antike Roman.

Then a Dane, here is some poison left.

Ham. Vpon my loue I charge thee let it goe,
O fie *Horatio*, and if thou shouldst die,
What a scandale wouldst thou leaue behinde?

What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,
If not from thee? O my heart sinckes *Horatio*.

Mine eyes haue lost their sight, my tongue his vse:

Farewel *Horatio*, heauen receiue my soule. *Ham. dies.*

Enter

*Prince of Denmarke.**Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.**enter Fortenbrasse with his traine.**Fort.* Where is this bloody fight?*Hor.* If aught of woe or wonder you'd behold,
Then looke vpon this tragicke spectacle.*Fort.* O imperious death! how many Princes
Hast thou at one draft bloudily shot to death? (*land,**Ambass.* Our ambassie that we haue brought from Eng-
Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake?
O most most vnlooked for time! vnhappy country.*Hor.* Content your selues, Ile shew to all, the ground,
The first beginning of this Tragedy:

Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,

And let the State of the world be there:

Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,

That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.

Fort. I haue some rights of memory to this kingdome,
Which now to claime my leisure doth inuite mee:

Let foure of our chiefeft Captaines

Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to his graue:

For he was likely, had he liued,

To a prou'd most royall.

Take vp the bodie, such a fight as this

Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse.

Finis

373 +

374

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375-377 +

378 +

379 +

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390-396-7

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